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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

In this issue

The Papered Door

By

MARY

ROBERTS

RINEHART



HUDSON Six-40

The Reign of Sixes

The Hudson Six-40 brings a new realm under rule of Sixes. This \$1,750 price, this lightness, this low operative cost give to this Six resistless attractions found in no other type of car.

FIFTY-FOUR out of 79 exhibitors at New York's 14th annual automobile show displayed six-cylinder cars as their best offerings.

Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

That emphasizes the swing to Sixes.

In 1905 there were 196 exhibitors, of which 68 were single or two cylinder cars. The same thing was said then against the development of the Four as some are today predicting for the Six. Yet two years later the two-cylinder exhibits dropped out completely. That, as a bit of history, to set the mind at ease as to the future.

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This car also brings out new ideals in beauty, new conveniences, new equip-

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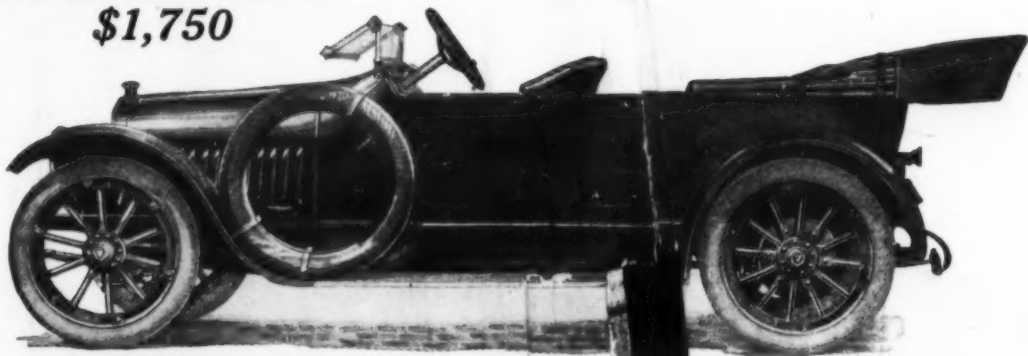
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(119)

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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The Papered Door

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE small house was drafty. Air currents moved the curtains at the windows and billowed the cheap rug on the floor. The baby had had the croup; it had given her an excuse for being up, for the roaring kitchen fire, and lights.

Early in the evening she had sent over to the doctor's for medicine. The drug store was closed, and a curious crowd had gathered in front of it. The doctor dispensed his own prescriptions and had sent back with the bottle a kindly note:

"Dear Molly: if we can do anything, let us know. Would you like Ann to spend the night with you?"

The eight-year-old girl had trotted back with a message that she thought she could manage nicely. The thought of Ann's prying eyes made her shudder.

Then the quiet night had settled down on them.

Some time after eleven, moving about the room, she had glanced out of the window and had seen glowing in the darkness a lighted cigar.

She knew what it meant. The house was being watched.

By one o'clock the baby was breathing easier. A light snow was falling; frozen hard, it beat against the windowpanes with little, sharp cracklings. In the next room the eight-year-old girl was sound asleep, one arm thrown up over her head.

SHE went to the window and looked out again; the man across the street moved uneasily, hesitated, came over and signaled her to raise the window.

"How's the boy?" he called through the snow. She knew him then—Cooper, one of the county detectives.

"Better; the doctor's medicine has helped him." He hesitated awkwardly. "You'd better go to bed," he said at last. "There is no use of tending to the baby. I guess he won't come back while I'm hanging around."

"No," she replied wearily, "he won't come back, Mr. Cooper. That was the last word he said."

The detective coughed, cleared his throat, spat. "We are all mighty sorry," he said, using a carefully conversational tone. "These things happen now and then."

"I expect you are right cold out there." "Well, I am not warm," he replied. "I am burning up considerable fuel, but it doesn't seem to heat much." To show his ease, he drew a fresh stogie. The match flare showed his drawn and strained in spite of his smile.

"You wouldn't care to come in and see your feet, would you?"

He hesitated. The village street was dark. Owing

to its semi-isolated position, he had commanded all approaches to the house from his vantage point across the street. Once inside— But then again—the house was small and lightly built; one could hear a footfall through it. A man ought to be able to thaw out now and then.

"I don't know but I will for a minute or two, Mrs. Carter," he assented, "if you'll unlock the door."

She came downstairs very soon, a shawl over her thin wrapper, and set a match to the fuel ready laid in the parlor stove before she admitted him.

She was a pretty, slender woman still in her twenties—an ultrarefined type for the village. Indeed,

about the woman, of course. Molly Carter went to the foot of the stairs and listened; all was still. The baby still slept. So small was the house that she could hear his slightly stertorous breathing. The base-burner was glowing now. She did not sit down again. She rolled her arms in her shawl and stood looking at the blaze.

"It was the girl at Heldeger's. He's been hanging around her for quite a while. Jim was sociable, you know, and lately, with the baby and the house, I haven't had much time for him. At night I was tired."

The detective nodded.

"And he went out, I suppose?"

"Well, you can hardly blame him. I guess here in the town they'll say I drove him to it. I have the reputation of thinking more of my children than I do of my husband. In the evenings I liked to read. Jim was no hand for reading."

IN HER nine years in the village she had adopted many of its colloquialisms.

"From what I gather, because with everybody talking at once I got kind of mixed up, it seems that the clerk from the drug store walked into Heldeger's while Jim was there and asked the girl what she meant by fooling around with a married man. Then he told Jim to come home because his baby was sick. I'd sent over this afternoon for some ipecac. That was the start. The trouble came then."

"Then Jim came home," the detective prompted, "and after that what, Molly?"

"Then Jim came home," she repeated in a spiritless voice, "and said he was in trouble and he would have to leave town. I gave him all the money I had and got his winter overcoat out. It smelled of moth balls, but there wasn't time to air it. He put it on and went."

The detective sniffed.

"Moth balls!" he said. "That's what I've been smelling. You must have spilled them around."

There was no light in the room or he would have seen the woman grow even paler and her hands clutch under her shawl.

For a few moments there was silence in the parlor, save for the creak of the self-rocker in which the detective gently swung himself. He yawned and stretched out his legs.

"You don't mind if I smoke in here?"

"Jim smoked all over the house. Is the drug clerk badly hurt?"

The creaking of the self-rocker stopped. The detective looked hard at his stogie. "Yes, he's pretty bad," he said, after a moment. "He's—well, Molly, you will learn it soon enough anyhow—he's dead."



Cooper was sound asleep in the parlor, his head dropped forward on his breast. There was a strong odor of drying wool as his overcoat steamed by the fire

she had known better things than this thin clapboard house. She had taught school at the county seat before her marriage. The village had always resented her shy aloofness, the books on her parlor table. It had predicted calamity from the marriage, and now it had come.

THE detective eyed her with appreciation as he drew up his chair to the fire and warmed his numb fingers.

"How did it happen, anyhow, Molly?" he said at last. He had known her for a long time. "Had he been drinking?"

"I don't exactly know myself." Her tone was dreary. "I had asked him not to carry a gun—but when you ask Jim not to do a thing, he wants to right off. It was over a woman."

The detective was uncomfortable; he had known

She sat down on one of the stiff plush chairs. Her jaw quivered nervously. She could scarcely articulate. "Then it's murder?"

"I am afraid so."

He made an eager attempt to comfort her, bending forward.

"After all," he said, "something of this sort was bound to come sooner or later. If he gets away, you are better without him. If he doesn't—" He threw out his hands. "He has never supported you. You have worked for him, haven't you, and borne his children? What have you had out of it? Try to be sensible. Things are pretty bad just now, but—they have been pretty bad for you for the last eight years. It's been drink and gambling and other women, and I am going to tell you the whole thing straight. There is no use cutting off a dog's tail an inch at a time. He shot the girl, too. They are both dead. The sheriff is out with a posse, and there is a thousand dollars on his head."

THE real blow had fallen earlier, in that early dusk when Jim had come in, frantic, and told her part of the truth. She only winced now, went a little paler; with the increasing warmth of the room the odor of moth balls seemed to fill the house. She was dizzy, rather. Holding to the back of her chair, she listened for the sick child above. He still slept.

"Two of them!" she said at last. "The drug clerk was a nice young man. We used to talk about books and articles in the magazines. And now—oh, my God!" She pulled herself together sharply. "It's a pity of the girl, too," she said, quietly. "She was young and the men made a fool of her. I guess she wasn't really bad."

The detective said nothing. He rose, holisting himself slowly out of the low rocker.

"Well, back to work!" he said. "It's been mighty good of you, Molly. I am warmed through now." He yawned again. "The sister hasn't got out my flannels yet and I was nearly frozen. I wasn't expecting an all-night job."

He threw the end of his stogie into the stove, drew a revolver from his coat pocket and glanced at it, remembered suddenly that the action was hardly delicate, and thrust it back. The woman's mind was working again—a subconscious intelligence that seemed to have been scheming all the while.

"I was thinking," she suggested, "that if I leave the latch off you could come in now and then and get warm. I can leave a cup of tea on the fender. Do you want milk in it?"

"Sugar, thank you, and no milk," he said. "You were always a thoughtful woman, Molly." There was something almost wistful in his voice. Mindful of the sleeping baby, he closed the door cautiously behind him as he went out.

Only the most casual search had been made of the house. Jim Carter had been seen after the tragedy to go home and shortly after to drive fiercely out of town in his buckboard wagon headed for the mountains. No one in the village had tried to stop him. He was grim, white-lipped, and armed.

The posse had found the buckboard eight miles away at nine o'clock that night, the wagon wedged in a fence corner with a wheel off and the horse lame. There was every likelihood that Carter was in the hills.

IT WAS Heideger, the hotel keeper, who had offered the reward. It was Heideger who with German shrewdness had suggested that the house be watched. But it had been almost midnight when the detective took up his position across the street, and in the interval—

Molly Carter went back to the kitchen and lighted the lamp. The room was stifling, but the fire in the range was low now. She put in a fresh piece of wood and set the kettle over it. Then, and not until then, did she go to the wall beside the range and put her lips to it.

"Can you breathe?" she said, cautiously. The reply came with astonishing clearness through the thin wall; even the sound of a body turning in a narrow space: "I am making another air hole. Go out and see if any chips fall out."

"I can't, Jim. Chester Cooper is across the street. Did you hear what he said? They are both dead."

There was no reply to this. In the silence she could distinctly hear the bit as it worked its way through the outer wall.

"Jim, did you hear what he said?"

"I heard," he said sullenly.

The plan had been his. He had thought it out when the horse had gone lame and he had had to work his roundabout way back home through the commencing storm. But the execution was hers, and the work was well done.

Beside the range there had been a small unlighted closet, with a flat wooden door that fitted close without a frame. Long ago the door had been papered to match the kitchen. It had been the work of only a few moments to take off the lock. After that he had gone inside and drawn the door to behind him, shutting out from her sight, to her relief, his shaking hands and death-colored face. It was done and the paste almost

dry before the sheriff's officer had made his cursory search. The child upstairs had been coughing hoarsely all the time. The little girl was with him, locked in. Half distracted, she had peered anew from the ceiling to the floor over the little door and built a fire in the range to dry the paste. In the lamplight the unfaded strips did not show against the old ones. Daylight would reveal them cruelly. If she could only keep the neighbors out! They knew the kitchen. Even at that she had gained a night.

She made the tea, crossing and recrossing the little room cautiously. When she came back from placing the cup on the fender of the parlor stove, the querulous voice was speaking from the other side of the partition. "What the devil do you mean by bringing him in here, anyhow?"



She pleaded with him, went down on her knees, grew hysterical finally, and had to be taken in his arms and quieted

"I thought it looked as if I hadn't anything to hide, Jim. He'll never think you are here now I have left the latch off, so he can go in and out when he likes." "Well, you'd better see about those chips. Wait until he comes in the next time and then slip out the back door."

"The snow will cover them. Jim, there's a thousand dollars on you!"

"Well, why don't you sell me out? I haven't been worth much to you living; a thousand dollars dead wouldn't be bad."

Her lip quivered, but she made no reply. That was what the detective had said.

"If I could get to the barn," he grumbled, "I could work around behind Shultz's fence and get to the railroad siding. Where is that fool standing?"

"He's just across. You can't get to the barn. Jim, is that sleeping stuff of yours bitter?"

HE GATHERED the meaning in her tone and came close to the papered door.

"Yes. Why?"

"Would you notice it in a cup of tea?"

"I don't know. Not with sugar, maybe."

"Have you got your knife?"

"Yes."

"I thought this way, Jim. If he comes in to get warm and goes to sleep by the fire, I will tap three times lightly. You'll be listening, will you? You won't go to sleep?"

"God in heaven! do you think I am sleeping to-night?"

"Then listen. You can slip the blade around the door from the inside and cut the paper, can't you?"

"How do you know he is coming back?"

"He said he might. I think he will. What's that?"

She turned toward the rear of the house; a pair of peering eyes were staring at her from the window. She turned her back to them.

"Jim!" Almost a whisper, but he heard.

"What?"

"Mrs. Shultz is on the back porch."

When she looked again, the eyes had gone, and her neighbor was trying the door. With a despairing gesture Molly blew out the lamp and opened the door.

"I've been in bed for three hours," explained the visitor, "and seems like I can't sleep, with you so near and in trouble." She pushed herself through the half-opened door into the room.

"I'm sorry. I guess there's nothing anyone can do to help."

"I could sit here by the stove. I can't sleep anyhow. It's a comfort, when you're in trouble, to have some one about to lean on."

There was a sort of ghoully curiosity in her face, but there was real kindness also. She came close and lowered her voice.

"I thought you was talking to some one a minute ago."

"I was speaking to the detective. He was in. I'm making him a cup of tea."

IF THE curiosity faded from Mrs. Shultz's eyes, the kindness also left them.

"Tea! I don't know that I'd care to make tea for a man who was waiting to hang Shultz or fill him full of lead!" She turned toward the door, hesitated. "I told Shultz I was going to stay. He locked the door after me. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I lay on your parlor sofa?"

Molly was a mild woman, but now she was desperate.

"I'm afraid I would mind," she said quietly. "This is a very sad night for me. I should like to be alone; absolutely alone."

The kitchen door closed with a bang. She was alone—with the papered door.

She ran up the stairs and brought down the sleeping powders in their pasteboard box. One she emptied swiftly into the teacup on the parlor fender. The box she put into the stove and waited until it was entirely consumed.

"I've fixed it, Jim. Listen for three raps. If he doesn't drink it, or the powder doesn't work—"

She broke down. There was only the sound of the bit from beyond, creaking as it turned. She opened the front door and called across in a low voice:

"I've left your tea for you and the door is unlocked. Be sure to close it tight when you go out." Then she went upstairs.

The baby slept soundly. She put out the lamp and, drawing her shawl close about her, sat down in a chair before the fire. She thought of many things: of the days when Cooper, across the

street, had wished to marry her; of her husband; of the blood girl at Heideger's; of the papered-up closet in the kitchen and the man in it drilling madly for death.

Her eyes fell on a small white object on the floor. It brought her back with a start. She made another painful excursion to the lower floor.

He felt the moth balls on your overcoat," she said to the wall. "I've got to hide it again. It's under the parlor sofa. Where'll I put it?"

Hide it behind the wood on the back porch." The voice was muffled.

"How have you got enough air?"

"Oh, I'll manage somehow."

The kitchen clock struck, a thin metallic ring. It was a very old clock, with flowers painted on the dial. It had marked in its time death and birth and giving in marriage. But never, perhaps, had it marked so tragically a night.

Two o'clock.

She went back to her chair and sat listening. The blizzard had come now. Wind whipped the window sash and roared about the house corners. Beneath the ill-fitting frame a fine line of snow had sifted. She was painfully alive. Every sense ached with waiting.

More than once she mistook a slamming shutter for the closing of the front door, only to be disappointed. But it came an hour later, when the clock with the painted dial was striking three. The bait of the unlatched door and the glow of the base-burner through the parlor window had caught their victim.

COOPER was compromised with his conscience by making a careful round of the house. At one place he stopped. In a lull of the wind, it seemed to him that there was a curious, grinding sound. Then the scale rose again, caught his hat and sent him running and cursing. When he came back the noise, which it was, had ceased.

He stamped cautiously on the low porch and opened the door. A heavy odor of tea met him, mixed with comforting warmth. He turned up the lamp and took off his overcoat. This was his best overcoat and shabby at that. If he had any luck and the storm drove Car-

ter back, he'd be able to buy a new one. He dusted it off with his hands before hanging it over the back of a chair to dry. On one shoulder a few grains of sawdust caught his attention. He looked at them with speculation, but without suspicion. He had a sense of humor.

"Ha!" he said to himself. "Even the sky has gone in for adulteration. Sawdust in the snow!"

He smiled at the conceit and sipped the tea. It was not very good, but it was hot. Overhead he could hear the slow rocking of a chair.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor little girl—all this for that damned skunk!"

He effected a further compromise with his sense of duty by getting up every few minutes and inspecting the street or tiptoeing through the kitchen and pulling open unexpectedly the back door. Always on these occasions he had his hand in his revolver pocket.

Three-thirty.

The storm had increased in violence. Already small drifts had piled in still corners. The glow of the base-burner was dull red; the rocking overhead had ceased.

Cooper yawned and stretched out his legs.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "Poor little girl! And all for the sake—all for sake—"

He drew a deep breath and settled lower in the chair.

MOLLY CARTER bent down from the top of the stairs and listened. The detective had come in and she had not heard him go out. It would not do to descend too stealthily for fear he were still awake. As an excuse she took down a bottle of the baby's to fill with milk.

Cooper was sound asleep in the parlor, his head dropped forward on his breast. There was a strong odor of drying wool as his overcoat steamed by the fire.

Still holding the bottle, she crept to the kitchen and tapped lightly three times on the papered door. There was no reply. Her heart almost stopped, leaped on again, raced wildly. She repeated the signal. Then, desperately, she put her lips to the wall.

"Jim!" she whispered.

There was absolute silence, save for the heavy breathing of the detective in the parlor. Madness seized her. She crept along the tiny passage to the parlor door, and working with infinite caution, in spite of her frenzy, she closed it and locked it from the outside. Then back to the kitchen again, pulses hammering.

The bottle fell off the table and broke with a crash. For a moment she felt as if something in her had given way also. But there came no outcry from the parlor, no heavy weight against the flimsy door.

She got a knife from the table drawer and cut relentlessly through the new paper strips. Then, with the edge of the blade, she worked the door open.

JIM half sat, half lay, in the bottom of the closet with closed eyes. Drink and fatigue had combined with stifling air. She reached in and shook him, but he moved under her hand without opening his eyes. With almost superhuman strength she dragged him out, laid him prone on the kitchen floor, brought snow and rubbed it over his face, slapped his wrists with it to restore his pulse—the village method.

He came to quickly, sat up and stared about him. "Hush," she said, for fear he would speak. "Can you hear me, Jim? Do you know what I am saying?"

He nodded.

"Cooper is locked in the parlor, asleep. You can get away now. My God, don't close your eyes again. Listen! You can get away."

"Away from what?" he asked stupidly.

"From the police. Try to remember, Jim. You shot the clerk from the drug store and—the girl at Heidegger's. The police are after you. There's a thousand dollars on your head."

That roused him. He struggled to his feet, reeled, caught the table.

"I remember. Well, I've got to get away. That's all. But I can't go—feeling like this. Get me—some whisky."

He needed it. She brought it to him, measured out. He grumbled at the quantity, but after he had had it his dull eyes cleared.

She had gone to listen at the parlor door. When she came back, he was looking more himself. He was a handsome fellow with heavy dark hair and dark eyes, a big man as he towered above her in the little kitchen. His face did not indicate his weakness. There are men like that, broken reeds swinging in the wind, that yet manage to convey an impression of strength.

HIS wife brought the overcoat and held it out for him.

"By Shultz's fence, you said, Jim, and then to the railroad. There's a slow freight goes through on toward morning, and if that doesn't stop, there's the milk train. And—Jim, let me hear about you now and then. Write to Aunt Sarah. Don't write here, and don't think once you get away that you are safe. A thousand dollars reward will set everybody in the country looking."

He paused, the overcoat half on.

"A thousand dollars," he said slowly. "I see. When I'm gone, Molly, how are you going to make out?"

"I'll manage somehow; only go, Jim. Go!"

"I don't know about this going," he said after a moment. "They'll grab me somewhere. Somebody'll get that thousand. You'll manage somehow! What do you mean by 'somehow'? You'll get married again, maybe?"

"Oh, no; not that."

He cared a little then—in spite of the girl at Heidegger's!

If he would only go! This thing for which she had schemed the whole night might fail now while he talked.

"You can't stay here," he said slowly. "You can't bring the children up where everybody knows about their father. They can't run any sort of a race with that handicap."

FOR answer she held out his overcoat. But he shook his head. Perhaps it was his one big moment. Perhaps it was only a reaction from his murderous mood of the afternoon. For now quite suddenly he put his arms around her.

"I am not worth it, Molly," he burst out. "I am not worth a thousand dollars alive or dead, but if they're offering that for me, if you had it you could go out West somewhere and nobody would know about you."



A pair of peering eyes were staring at her from the window. She turned her back to them. "Jim!" almost a whisper, "Mrs. Shultz is on the back porch"

You could start the kids fresh. That's about the only thing I can do for you—give you a chance to get away and forget you ever knew me."

She did not understand at first. When she did she broke into quiet sobbing. She knew his obstinacy; the dogged tenacity of the weak. Now when every second counted to have him refuse to go!

SHE pleaded with him, went down on her knees, grew hysterical finally, and had to be taken in his arms and quieted, as he had not quieted her in years. And still there was no sound from the parlor.

"They'll get me somehow," he repeated over and over. "And I—I would like to feel that I had done one decent

thing first. That red-eyed ferret in the parlor will get the money if you don't. For the children, Molly; they've got a right to ask to be started straight."

That was the argument that moved her finally into a sort of acquiescence. There seemed nothing else for her to do. He even planned the thing for her. He would hide in the barn in the loft. The swift snow would soon fill the footprints, but in case she was anxious, she could get up early and shovel a path where he had stepped.

When Cooper awakened she could say she had thought the thing over, that she needed the money, that she would exchange her knowledge for the reward.

"Only you get a paper for it—get a paper from Heidegger. He'll bluff it out if he can. He was stuck on the girl himself."

"Jim, did you—care for that girl so much?"

His face hardened. "I thought I did; for a—for a little while. She made a fool of me, and I—showed her! But all the time I loved you, Molly."

He kissed her solemnly as she half lay in his arms and went toward the door.

"Good-by and God bless you," he said. "And kiss the—"

He choked up at that and made his way out through the drifts on the porch to the little yard.

SHE closed the door and fastened it behind him. Then very carefully she unlocked the parlor door and opened it. Cooper was still in his chair, sunk a little lower perhaps and breathing heavily, the overturned teacup on the floor beside him.

She went back to the kitchen and filled a fresh bottle for the baby.

As before, it served as an excuse for her presence; with it on the table near at hand she trimmed carefully the rough-cut edges of the papered door. The inside of the closet was a clear betrayal. Still listening and walking softly, she got a dust brush and pan and swept up the bits of wood and sawdust from the floor. The bit she placed on the shelf, and, turning, pan and brush in hand, faced the detective in the doorway.

He made a quick dash toward the closet.

"What have you got there?" he demanded shortly.

But now, as through all the long night, her woman's wit saved her.

"Don't jump at me like that. I've broken one of the baby's bottles and I am just about to sweep it up."

She stooped and swept the broken glass on to the pan. He stared into the empty closet.

"I'm sorry, Molly—I didn't mean to startle you. That tea and the heat of the stove put me to sleep. I've been half frozen. I guess it was the bottle breaking that awakened me. I thought you said you would go to bed."

"I couldn't sleep," she evaded, "and about this time the baby always has to be fed."

She took the bottle of milk from the table and set it inside the teakettle to warm. Every vestige of suspicion had died from the man's eyes. He yawned again, stretched, compared the clock with his watch.

"It's been a long night," he said. "Me for the street again. Listen to that wind. I'm sorry for anyone that's out in the mountains to-night."

HE WENT into the parlor and, putting on his overcoat, stood awkwardly in the little hall.

She faced him, the child's bottle in her hand.

"I guess you know how

I hate this, Molly," he said. "I—I—this isn't the time for talk and there ain't any disloyalty in it, but I was pretty fond of you one time—I guess you know it, and—I am not the changing sort. I have never seen anybody else I liked the same way. It don't hurt a good woman to know a thing like that. Good night."

Before she went upstairs she took a final look out the back door. Already Jim's footprints were effectively erased by the wind. An unbroken sheet of white snow stretched to the barn. By morning, at this rate, the telltale marks would be buried six inches or more.

She blew out the kitchen lamp and went slowly up the stairs.

The baby cried hoarsely and she gave him his bottle, lying down on the bed beside him and taking his head on her arm. He dropped asleep there and she kept him close for comfort. And there, lying alone in the darkness with staring eyes, she fought her battle. She had nothing in the world but the cheap furniture in the house. Her own health (Concluded on page 22)

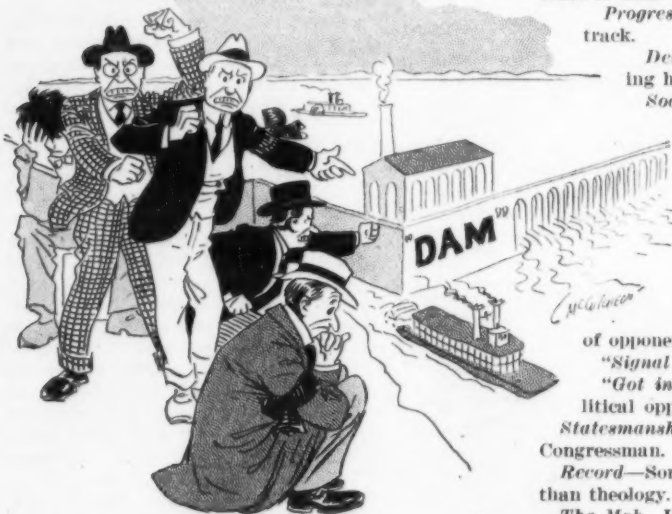
Ventilated Opinions

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

IN VARIOUS parts of this country a most embarrassing situation has arisen. It is all on account of woman suffrage. The soprano and alto vote is coming so fast in the United States that, far from being able to handle it, man is having difficulty even in getting out of its way.

Almost two million women have been enfranchised in this country within the past two years. What has been the result? In two million homes—less proper deductions for those women who have to fill their homes entirely by themselves—wives, daughters, and sisters are sitting down with their husbands, fathers, and brothers and are asking to have politics explained in a few brief words, such as a woman



trained only in domestic science, art, literature, child welfare, and kindred subjects of no importance can understand.

Give a young man of twenty-one an automobile and he will not rest until he knows how the timing gears are silenced and what kind of spark plugs are used. But give him the right to say to a President: "Pack up and skip. Your work is too coarse for me," and he bears up under the gift with a magnificent lack of curiosity. Men are several times more solidly poised than women.

For the Lady Voter—Recommended

WHAT is needed by the women in suffrage States, and even more pitifully by the men thereof, is a glossary of political terms and expressions. The dictionaries fall down in this matter with a distressing thud. They are too oblivious to the whole subject, so to speak. We pity the woman who opens her bright new dictionary and tries to glean therefrom a few hints as to the true inwardness of the many terms which freckle the general conversation during a campaign year.

If there is anything more discouraging than a husband and father regarding politics it is a dictionary. You couldn't run a missionary society election on the information extracted from the best dictionary published. In the cowardly silence of the whole dictionary-making profession we are moved to contribute the following definitions for woman in her dark hour of uncertainty:

Candidate—A man who loves all the people.

Campaign—Open season for loving same by candidates.

Campaign Pledges—Unsecured notes given by candidates in exchange for votes.

Election Day—Expiration date for above pledges.

The Voter—A king (or queen) on one day a year and a three-spot on the other 364.

The Platform—A common carrier used by parties for transportation purposes.

Plank—Special car provided in a platform for a doubtful faction.

Chairman—A near-sighted man who can only see his own friends in a caucus.

Caucus—A method of handling party business by absent treatment.

Primary—A school in which a lot of bosses have learned their first lesson in popular government.

Boss—The owner of a large or small section of a political party.

Voting the Straight Ticket—Throwing the brain out of gear while marking a ballot.

Reform—A universally desired improvement in politics.

Reformer—An impertinent busybody.

Republican—A man at a way station yelling to the train to come back for him.

Progressive—Man, ahead of the train building track.

Democrat—Man in the engine cab wondering how to run the blamed thing.

Socialist—Man trying to trade the train for an aeroplane.

Jacksonian Democracy—Chronic stage of democracy.

Stinging Rebuke—When the other side wins by 100.

"Magnificent Indorsement"—When our side wins by 100.

"Personalities"—Criticism of our candidates by opponent.

"Flaying Him Alive"—Discussion of opponent by our candidate.

"Signal Honor"—Appointment of friend to office.

"Got in on the Pic"—Securing of office by political opponent.

Statesmanship—Securing of post-office building by Congressman.

Record—Something that requires more explaining than theology.

The Mob—Us.

We Dubs Must Organize

FROM the four corners of the nation letters from Class Q golfers are pouring in, bristling with enthusiasm over the proposed revolt from the thralldom of the present golf rules.

The eagerness of the writers is as intense as the stories they tell are pitiful. "I have been playing with three friends for several years, a ball a hole," writes a New York golfer. "Recently they told me that I was to play henceforth with three other friends, because they wanted to take on a new man. In the course of a couple of months I learned that I had been sold by the first trio to the second for a sack of clubs and three months' dues. That shows the respect in which we dubs are held. We are little better than slaves."

"I want to join the dubs' revolt," writes a Philadelphia man. "At present I am conducting one by myself. I will not employ a caddie unless he consents to a fine of five cents for every time he laughs."

"Your rules are admirable," says a member of the celebrated On-wentsia Club of Lake Forest, "but they only go part way. I favor a rule which will allow a player to repeat a stroke in case he has forgotten to keep his eye on the ball. If golf is a game of memory, well and good. But if it is a game of skill, it should not be made to depend so much on the memory. When I can remember to keep my eye on the ball I am a slashing good golfer."



We had not intended to carry this idea further, but the demand seems overwhelming. It would be pure philanthropy to give a few general instructions in the perfection of a bad game of golf. There is, for instance, the drive from the first tee. This is one of the dub's greatest embarrassments. No matter what he does on the rest of the course, he would like to step up in front of the crowded club porch and bang out a respectable drive before a critical audience. It is the one weakness which none of us can overcome. We can become hardened on the rest of the course to a three-hundred-yard ambition, which results in a forty-yard trickle, but when fifty people at the first hole utter an "Oh!" composed of disappointment, surprise, disgust, and amusement in equal parts, after we have displaced the ball a few feet with a back-breaking swing, that "Oh!" hurts.

One dub we know of makes it up with a brother dub to create a tremendous disturbance back of the tee, during which the first dub drives hastily when no one is looking and hunts for his ball later on about 250 yards down the course. But this involves the deliberate abandonment of a ball, and besides officious friends are likely to pick it up as it stares at the world thirty yards from the tee and shame you. There is a better way. It requires imagination and fortitude, but it will work. It is this:

Take your stand carelessly on the driving green. Tee your ball in an offhand manner. Then take your mashie and, fixing your eye on an imaginary putting green thirty yards ahead, play a careful approach. Nine times out of ten you will get a good hundred yards and avoid disgrace. Later on when you have actually arrived within thirty yards of the real green, you can approach neatly and often dead to the hole by driving with all your might.

Another time we shall take up briefly the subject of driving in general.

The Invasion of Keokuk

AT KEOKUK, IOWA, an enterprising firm of capitalists built a dam across the Mississippi River and set the peerless Daddy of American Waters to work running the trolleys, lighting the streets, and turning the washing machines in a hundred towns and cities. It was a tremendous job of work which involved the wiping out of farms and villages and railroads, the rearrangement of a hundred square miles of scenery, and some minor changes in climate; and, as usual with gigantic enterprises, it produced some unexpected results.

For one thing it brought huge numbers of young engineers to Keokuk. They had worked all over the world on water powers, usually in spots well concealed from civilization and well insulated from feminine charm. Then they came to the Keokuk job, where fifteen minutes from the roaring rapids were the homes of Iowa's finest families, full of young women ready and willing to admire the wild, free life of the engineer. The result was over a hundred weddings in two years, and when the dam was completed and the young engineers moved on, they took with them the young women of Keokuk en masse.

Where Dollars Are Neighborly

By Isaac F. Marcossou

WHILE John Jones, the average American farmer of the Middle West—and, for that matter, any other section of the country—is haggling with the local usurer to obtain a loan of \$100 at high interest rates to replace the loss of a work horse, his Jewish agricultural colleague, Moses Levy of New England, New York, or New Jersey, can negotiate the same transaction on the easiest terms by telephoning to the treasurer of his Credit Union.

John Jones, under ordinary conditions, must buy his seed, implements, and fertilizer at the nearest store and at prevailing retail rates, but Levy, if he is a member of the Federation of Jewish Farmers, can supply most of his farm needs through a central purchasing bureau, which not only gives him ample credit and carload prices, but a standardized product.

To carry this comparison just one degree further, when John Jones's wife falls sick, his bread is likely to go unbaked, his children untended, and his household uncared for. But Levy can send a hurry-up call to the Jewish Ladies' Auxiliary of his district, and the members flock in and keep the domestic wheels from getting clogged.

Here, in a nutshell, you have a striking and, perhaps, little-known contrast between the high price of individualism and the profit of cooperation in the activity which leads world industry and touches more people than all others combined.

What does it show? Simply this: that while our native farmers have gone a long way toward perfecting the science of farming, their Jewish brothers of the soil have developed the *business* of farming, thereby showing a practical path for the economic salvation of the man behind the plow.

Schooled to communal defense through generations of oppression, it was natural for them to turn to self-help as the agency toward a conserving end.

The net result is a cooperative machine that has solved, among many other helpful things, the whole pressing problem of rural credits so far as the small, short-time loan is concerned.

Here is the story of a picturesque emancipation from the thrall of those petty financial annoyances that have distracted the farmer, impeded his progress, and labeled him the most unbusinesslike of all our workers. Nor is it without the glamour of a certain romance, because the men who wrought it—refugees from Old-World tyranny—link the present with that other and far-away Jewish pastoral day when David dwelled amid his flocks on the hills of the Holy Land.

The Jew as a Farmer

THERE is no need of rehearsing here at length the succession of dramatic events that literally planted the Jewish husbandman in American soil. Bitter persecution drove him originally from his vine and fig tree to segregate in the congested city.

So, too, by a curious repetition of history did the same lash force him back to it on an alien but friendly shore.

The everyday American is hardly apt to associate the Jew with farming, save perhaps with a peddler's pack. The more familiar background of Hebraic movement is the living battle ground of trade. But, as a matter of fact, more than five thousand Israelites, scattered from North Dakota to Connecticut, attest to a conspicuous ability to make the good red earth produce with profit.

Jewish agricultural activity in the United States was sporadic until the late eighties, when a great exodus from Russia forced the American coreligionists to devise some organized means of finding sanctuary for the refugees. Hence came the Baron de Hirsch Fund, whose scope covered every activity that would make the Jew self-supporting and self-respecting.

To locate the immigrant on the farm was part of this altruistic task. So readily did he adapt himself to the land—and, what was more important, stick to it in the face of all hardship—that the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society was formed as an adjunct to the fund charged with the special work of encouraging and aiding the Jewish farmer. With its formation the whole Hebraic

the steerage in New York, alone and penniless. He worked his way through Harvard, studied law, and had served as teacher before he was called to the work for which he proved to be peculiarly fitted.

When he took hold the society was lending money at long range to Jewish farmers who, with few exceptions, were without training or adequate experience.

With swift perception he realized that what these men needed more than money was training. He set about making them efficient. But he did more than this, as you will later see.

The First Cooperative Step

HOW was he to reach quickly this scattered host of land tillers who only had two things in common, their ignorance and their knowledge of Yiddish? The best medium would be one that reached their hearthstones, so he founded the "Jewish Farmer," the first and only agricultural paper published in Yiddish in the world. An editor was found who seemed born for the job. He was Joseph Pincus, son of one of the pioneer Russian immigrant farmers in Connecticut, who had been graduated from the State

agricultural school there and from the Jewish farm school at Woodbine, N. J. He made a fitting work fellow for Robinson, for he expanded from editor into an inspired missionary of the new agricultural order, bringing the word of science to the very doors of the backward.

Pincus said to the Jewish farmers: "Make our paper your forum. Tell me your troubles and I will try to help you." He translated Government reports so that the farmers could get the last word in Uncle Sam's investigations; he showed them by word and picture how to plant crops, fertilize their soil, manage their farms. Soon the farmers began to contribute; they asked questions; they told of their experiences. The message of print went home.

But Pincus did not stop here. He became an itinerant teacher,

going from farm to farm, teaching always the gospel of the new farming. He aroused the desire for knowledge (the Jew is an innate thirster after fact), and he stirred their social consciousness. He asked the isolated farmers if they knew their neighbors. When they said they did not, he inquired the reason why.

"We are too busy working," they answered.

"But what would happen if you or your family got sick?" he would say. There was no reply. So his slogan became: "You must organize."

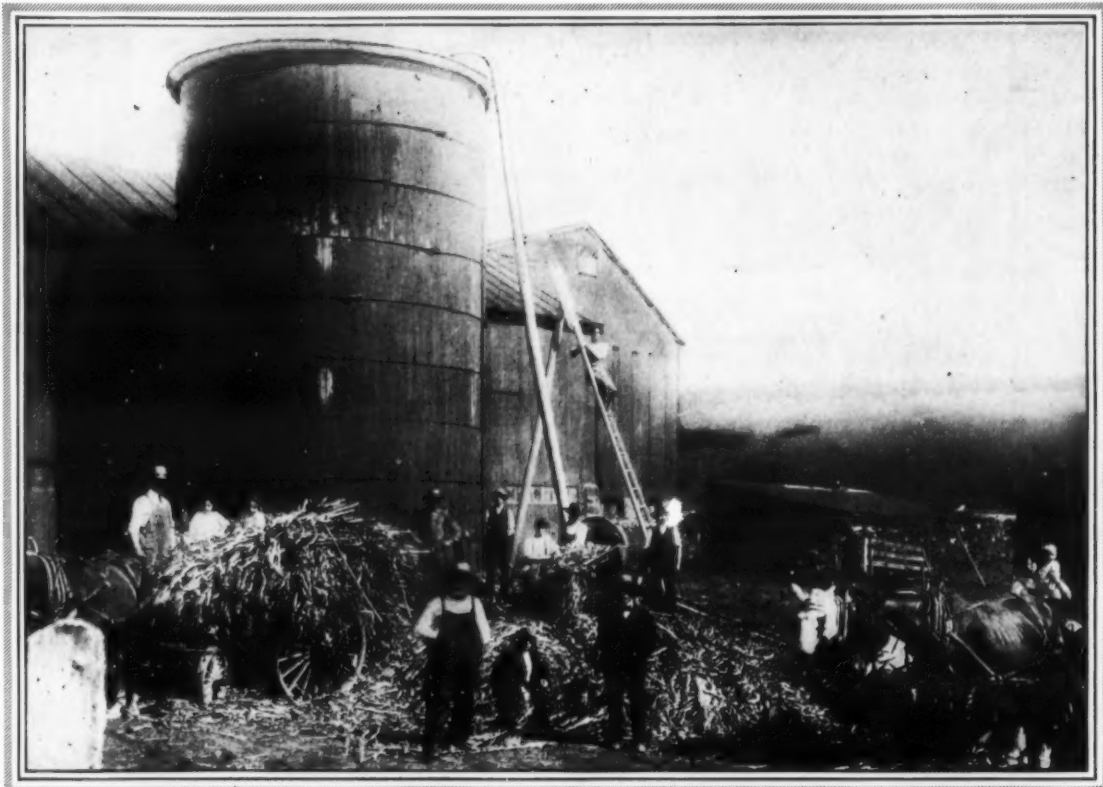
Initial Troubles and Failures

UNDER his direction the farmers of various sections got together and formed Jewish farmers' associations. They corresponded to the Gentile farmers' institutes, but they developed into bigger economic proportions, for they formed the foundation on which a whole new epoch in the financing of the farmer has been created.

These associations had a stimulating effect, for they brought together exiles who had a common spiritual and material heritage and who were now joined in a kindred cause.

It was fertile soil in which to drop the rich seed of cooperative effort.

The next logical step was a union of all the associations (they now number sixty-two) into a Federation of Jewish Farmers. Here at last was a far-flung and united agency with which to consummate some of the dreams that beckoned before the vision of the transplanted Ghetto dreamers.



Refugees from Old-World tyranny link the present with that other and far-away Jewish pastoral day when David dwelled amid his flocks

drama of rural cooperation, now to be unfolded, was made possible.

The society found the Jewish farmers living in struggling communities or as isolated individuals. Those who labored alone were doubly isolated, because they spoke a foreign tongue and were for the most part ignorant of the rudiments of farming. This made them the easy prey of the grasping and the unscrupulous.

Many needed money, and the first important function of the new organization was to make them loans at 4 per cent, secured by mortgages on their land or chattels.

Very early it was seen that if these farmers were to make permanent and definite progress they must be taught to work together.

The Man Who Could Help

ABOUT this time a keen-eyed, big-visioned man, Leonard Robinson by name, came to the society, first in a humble capacity and later as general manager.

I speak of him early in this narrative because, more than any other one man, he has helped to shape the cooperative destiny of the Jewish farmer in the United States.

Himself a Jew, he trod the thorny path of the persecuted immigrant. At fifteen he landed from

Though the Jewish farmers were now united, they wrestled with the troubles that naturally crowd thick upon the stranger working in a strange land. To begin with, many were literally "green." They had either left Russia at the bloody high tide of pogrom or had escaped from sweatshop to find health and comfort in the open country. Even if they had some knowledge of farming, they were at the mercy of the dealer who sold them seeds or implements.

Often, when the Jewish farmer went to the storekeeper and asked for credit, he would be met with the statement: "You are green and won't stay on the farm. I can't afford to trust you."

When he did get what he asked for it was often inferior. He got sand for fertilizer and trash for seeds. When they put this inferior stuff in the ground there was no harvest. Complaints began to pour into the "Jewish Farmer." Whereupon Pincus said: "What is the good of teaching these farmers how to farm if they do not get the right kind of materials to farm with?"

Credit

HENCE came the inspiration to form a central cooperative purchasing bureau for the benefit of the Jewish farmer. The main purpose was to make him independent of the trickery and the misrepresentation of the storekeeper, to enable him to have trade credit to meet his farm needs, and to get the best possible result out of his labors. Cooperation was to be given its first supreme test.

The bureau was organized on a definite business basis. A membership fee of \$5 enables any Jewish farmer to buy his supplies through its assistance. When a farmer is unable to pay for a full share, a first installment of \$1 is ample to make him eligible for benefits.

What is the result? If a farmer wants to buy a silo, a harrow, or an incubator, and the amount is more than he can spare, the association guarantees payment to the manufacturer, and the farmer can pay it off to the bureau on easy payments. In other words, the agricultural implement seller looks to the bureau rather than to the man for his money. The bureau sees that the purchaser does his part. If he wants reasonable extension, he gets it. So, too, with the purchase of seeds and fertilizer.

Pitfalls

NOW the important part of this procedure is that the farmer gets just what he wants, because the implement and the seed dealers cannot fool the experts of the bureau. The case of fertilizer—a common need—will illustrate the extent to which this Jewish buying has been standardized.

As I have already pointed out, the isolated Jewish farmer was often deceived about fertilizer. He had to take what the dealer gave him and be satisfied. Frequently it was of the poorest quality, entirely lacking in plant food.

The bureau, by careful investigation, has become agent for high-class fertilizers, and in order to be sure that its clients get what they buy, the material is packed in bags which bear the Jewish Federation stamp. On these sacks is printed in large letters the exact proportion of plant food in the fertilizer.

Nor is quality the only end gained. By shipping a group of farmers a carload of fertilizer they get it at wholesale prices and save in the transportation charge as well. It is estimated that the farmers have saved from 15 to 20 per cent by this cooperative buying of fertilizer alone.

Now take the all-important matter of seeds. A concrete illustration will show the way the bureau safeguards the farmer. A Jewish agriculturist near Syracuse bought 200 pounds of alfalfa seed through the central office at 16 cents a pound. As in all similar cases, the source of this seed supply had been care-

fully tested and found to be adequate. But the farmer was short fifty pounds, so he bought this supplemental amount at a local dealer at 18 cents. What happened? The seed that he bought through the bureau sprouted successfully, but not a blade came from the extra fifty pounds. If he had bought all his seed at home his crop would have been a failure.

Expert Knowledge Available

THE bureau also censors the purchasing of farm supplies, and by this stewardship has saved many a Jewish farmer from loss or failure. Here is a case in point: A farmer in New Jersey wrote in for enough seed to plant five acres of early tomatoes. Mr. Pincus wrote back asking if he had any hot-

But this system of cooperative purchasing, admirable as it is, did not supply one urgent need felt by Jewish and Gentile farmer alike. Stated in its simplest terms, this need was for some cheap and convenient form of rural credit which would place in the farmer's hands, and without delay, a sum of money with which to meet an emergency or fill some pressing want.

In the case of the Jewish farmer, this form of agricultural credit is of the utmost importance. With the approach of spring he is often at his wits' end to find the wherewithal for seeds, fertilizer, or general spring work. If he is delayed at this season he not only loses that time, but is handicapped for months to come. He may lose a work horse in the midst of the early plowing; a good cow may die just when her milk is in greatest demand; a payment on a mortgage is likely to come due. Even in buying through the central bureau a cash deposit is often required. How is the farmer to raise the money without loss of time or annoyance?

Emergency Money

UNDER ordinary circumstances the farmer—regardless of race or creed—has been forced to depend for his working capital on the none-too-ardent generosity of his neighbor, on the tolerance of his storekeeper, or, last and worst of all, upon the cupidity of the usurer.

Early in its efforts to finance the Jewish farmer, the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society faced this need. But its loans were for long terms and secured by mortgage. Yet from all parts of the country came appeals for quick funds for working capital. Much as it desired to help the immigrant farmer, the society could not respond. It was too far from the source of want to make an investigation. Even if it did elect to look into the case, so much time would elapse that, before aid could be sent, it would be too late. Besides, the interests of the society prohibited the lending of money on personal credit.

The Solution

NATURALLY this situation disturbed a good many people, for it applied to all rural quarters. Statesmen and economists talked and investigated about it, but did nothing. But Leonard Robinson did some thinking and produced a remedy which not only gave the Jewish farmer a unique economic distinction, but established a precedent that is little short of historic.

As he pondered over the plight of the Jewish farmer in the matter of the small urgent loan, he asked this question: "Since the farmer

has learned the value of cooperation in buying, why shouldn't he apply the same thing to borrowing?"

Mr. Robinson knew that Europe was full of cooperative credit banks, such as those operated under the well-known Raiffeisen system in Germany, by which the farmers syndicate their savings and lend to each other on character. Here was an idea to be translated into banking terms in America. He outlined a Credit Union along similar lines to be adopted by the Jewish farmers.

At first it was derided and discouraged. The familiar adverse argument against it was: "How can you make a solvent union out of a group of insolvent people?" But the European experience had proved the efficacy of the plan. After vainly waiting for two years for the cumbersome machinery of legislation to grind out relief for the oppressed farmer, Mr. Robinson decided to take the initiative. In 1911 he established the pioneer cooperative agricultural credit bank in this country under the auspices of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society. It was a voluntary, unincorporated organization that set a new mark for cooperation and blazed a fresh path for the farmer

(Continued on page 30)



The Heart's Own Day

By MADISON CAWEIN

THIS is the heart's own day:
With dreaming eyes
Life seems to look away
Beyond the skies
Into some long-gone May—

A May that cannot die;
Amid whose hills
Youth's heart goes singing by
Mid daffodils,
With Love the young and shy:

Love of the slender form
And elvish face,
Who with uplifted arm
Points to one place—
A place of old-time charm—

Where once May lilies grew
For Love to twine
With violets, white and blue,
And columbine
Of gold and crimson hue.

Gone is the long-ago—
Gone like the wind;
And Love we used to know
Sits dumb and blind,
With locks of winter snow.

And by him Memory
Sits sketching back
Into the Used-to-be,
In white and black,
One flower on his knee:

One rose, whose crimson gleams
Like Youth's own heart
And fills the day with dreams
And is a part
Of the old love it seems.

And touches into tints
Of Fairyland
This day, and makes a Prince
Of him whose hand
SHE holds—his Princess since.

beds. The farmer replied expressing great surprise that hotbeds were needed. "A neighbor told me it would be a good thing to raise them," he added. The plain facts were that without expert advice this man would have gone ahead and wasted his time, his seeds, and the use of five acres for a product that, without adequate equipment, would never have appeared. It is needless to add that Mr. Pincus advised against this venture in early tomatoes. But he showed him how he could use the ground to profitable advantage.

The Farmer's Chief Problem

IN FACT, one of the functions of the bureau is to print, through the medium of the "Jewish Farmer," advice and counsel in planting. At regular intervals during the year appear the statements: "Now is the time to plant corn, or beans, or wheat." The Jewish farmer has come to look upon the bureau as his friend, philosopher, and guide. It has never failed him. You get some idea of the extent to which this work has developed when I say that last year it purchased \$43,102 worth of material for the Hebrew agriculturist. Of this sum \$20,000 was for fertilizer alone. More than \$11,000 was spent for seeds.

WILSON AND MEXICO

THE criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy which is set down on this page should not be confused with that other kind of criticism of which the end and purpose is intervention or some sort of war with Mexico. This latter kind of criticism, which looks to intervention and hopes for it, is a very deplorable incident of current political discussion. It comes partly from men and factions and newspapers that think war would be popular; partly from others who represent property interests in Mexico which they think would be helped by intervention; partly from others overeager to criticize anything that flows from a Democratic Administration. But the fear of being confused with these critics should not prevent free expression of a more disinterested criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy. This criticism is based precisely on the fear that our present Mexican policy will lead us ultimately into intervention. War with Mexico or some other active use of our American troops is the logical end of our present attitude. This should be prevented. It should be prevented, if necessary, even by a certain amount of "back-down" on the Administration's part.

Of course, to say now what thoughtful observers generally acknowledge—that President Wilson's Mexican policy has been a mistake from the start—is a matter of hindsight. President Wilson, in adopting his Mexican policy, could have had the benefit of a wise statesman familiar with diplomacy and international law at the head of the State Department. He did not have this aid. It is only fair also to say that at the beginning of his Administration, at the time Wilson adopted his policy, men experienced in international law were shocked, and predicted the very muddle that has now come to pass. The Administration's foreign policy at the beginning could fairly be summed up in one sentence: "Huerta is an assassin, and I do not like assassins." Let us all admit that at the time most Americans praised this policy and were rather proud of it.

Morals—Private and Public

LET us be fair to Wilson. He refused recognition to Huerta because he believed Huerta was an assassin, and he wished to express his disapprobation of a government founded on assassination. To take this position was the highest kind of personal morals. But to act as if this were the whole of a foreign policy had drawbacks. It failed to take into account a multitude of considerations which trained diplomats would have remembered. In addition, it failed to take into account the special nation we are dealing with in this case, and the special moral standards of that nation—standards very different from our own. All Mexican politics is a matter of factions and leaders. Some of the rebels in the

north call themselves Constitutionalists. This is a joke. There are about as many real Constitutionalists in Mexico as there are monarchists in the United States. Few persons in the United States, the Administration least of all, seem to realize the composition of Mexico. There are less than half a million whites, less than one in thirty. About a million and a half are of mixed breed; the remaining thirteen millions are Indians. What the United States most needs in Mexico is

logical end, to persons who know the situation, is intervention. Can they be blamed for suspecting—what is in fact preposterously untrue—that the policy was adopted in order to bring about intervention?

Patriotism

THERE have been few things finer in recent American politics than the manner in which two standpat Republicans, Senator Lodge and Senator Root, uphold the President's foreign policy. They are both men of high skill and experience in international law and in diplomacy. Necessarily they know that during the past year the conduct of our foreign relations under Secretary Bryan has been pretty deplorable, but they never criticize it. More than that, when other Senators, less restrained, attempt to criticize, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root hasten to the defense of the Administration. Such a bearing must rest only on the highest sense of patriotism. The same obligation to be patient with the Administration and support it rests in equal degree upon all thoughtful commentators.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Moore

THERE can be no doubt that the resignation of John Bassett Moore, counselor of the Department of State, has called public attention to a situation in our State Department which has been less pleasant than any other aspect of the Administration.

Close observers at Washington have known for a long time that our foreign affairs are not well conducted; that too many of our diplomatic appointments have been personal and political, and that the machinery within the State Department has been very badly run. The resignation of Mr. Moore has merely called public attention to it. In such an office as Secretary of State no amount of good will or high purpose can take the place of intelligence. Moreover, nothing can excuse the partisan and personal character of some of Mr. Bryan's appointments.

Simple Honesty

THE clause in our treaty with England covering the building of the Panama Canal reads as follows:

The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

The clause in the law we passed concerning tolls in the Panama Canal reads as follows:

No tolls shall be levied upon vessels in the coastwise trade of the United States.

Any person able to understand the English language who reads these two clauses and then refuses to admit that we are in the wrong proclaims thereby his own personal moral status. No statesman was ever on stronger ground than Wilson is in the matter of canal tolls.



He Doesn't Understand the Language

McCutcheon, in the Chicago "Tribune"

a government that will maintain order. The way to secure this would have been to give a guarded recognition to the man who had a government and an army and was maintaining order. That Huerta has been able to do so well under the appalling handicap of our disapproval shows what he could have done if we had recognized his as a government de facto.

The Cost of It

IT MUST be admitted that a year of Mr. Wilson's mistaken policy has cost some things that can never be recovered. Of course, if we should reverse it or modify it now, we might be able to avoid the intervention which is the logical end of such a policy. But, even so, a certain number of Americans have lost their lives in Mexico who would have been living to-day if Wilson had adopted a better policy. For the Mexicans themselves, civilization has been measurably set back by the turbulence which would have been restrained if Wilson had dealt differently with the de facto government which he found there when he came into office. Most serious of all, we have forfeited the confidence of Latin America as far south as Cape Horn to such a degree that we shall not be able to win it back until another generation grows up. They have seen us adopt toward Mexico a policy of which the



The Basic Service of Railroading

ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHTS of our time is that from a wagon bridge over a four-track railroad. You may be a day's walk from the nearest city, but the fact of the city's existence is plain in the endless movement of goods and people. It is plain also that the railroad is not so much a business as a gigantic underlying service. This service moves human beings and things from place to place. We get used to it, depend on it, and in time come to shape our actions very largely by what the service makes possible. It follows that the cost of this transportation becomes embedded in thousands and thousands of prices. It is desirable, therefore, that its cost to others be stable, so that passengers and shippers can be sure of their plans. Furthermore, the railroad must be made to feel that success depends on doing a good job rather than on taking advantage of the public's necessities. Mr. BRANDEIS has given this point the clearest and most dramatic of statements in his famous aphorism about the "Million Dollars a Day" which efficiency ought to save for the railroads. Our whole accepted policy of regulation and public control hangs upon these facts. The public must have real power over rates and capitalization, over dividends, and over purchases of other lines and utilities, or else the monopoly power of the railroad will be used in many cases for private gain and to the disadvantage of the community. There have been too many instances of this.

What Do We Want?

IT IS NOT A MATTER OF BARGAINING with an independent power. It is a matter of deciding what we want to get out of a certain service. These railroad corporations are creatures of the State, and most of them realize it very clearly nowadays. It is the economic facts that are obdurate, and it is our own social purpose that is vague. Do we want to use the railroads so as to accentuate and emphasize the present dominance of the Atlantic Seaboard in the business life of this country? Or do we want to use the railroads so as to get a spreading of population and industry over our entire area? What towns and regions should be given a comparative advantage when rates are readjusted? There is no benefit to be had from merely throwing a bone in the shape of higher rates to those who own the railroads as property. What we must do is to strengthen and extend the railroads as a gigantic fundamental service, no matter how owned. This is the only control worth while, and to accomplish it will require the handling of the problem from the broadest standpoint of constructive industrial statesmanship. It will not be done by figuring dividends and costs. We must have a national plan. What, in the long run, do the American people want from their railroads?

The Selling of Drugs

A FIRM OF RETAIL DRUGGISTS in New York prints this advertisement:

RIKER AND HEGEMAN DRUG STORES DO NOT SELL Narcotic Poisons or Habit-Forming Drugs, excepting upon the written prescription of a registered physician. We are in advance of all laws that pertain to the safety of the purchasing public. We believe that Cocaine, Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Codeine, Heroin, Chloral Hydrate, and other Narcotic Poisons should be used only . . . by the advice of your Doctor, and we do not sell them otherwise. . . .

We notify our sales people in every store that this rule must be rigidly enforced. The family Doctor is our authority in these matters, and we must have his written and signed Prescription before dispensing anything of this nature.

We take off our hat to these druggists both for their policy and their business acumen, and hereby give them this advertisement for nothing. It is a bitter commentary on our laws that the druggist himself (if he is shrewd) can volunteer such an announcement. The law has piteously left this to his discretion. Even in Mantua—that is to say, in SHAKESPEARE'S day—ROMEO'S "wondrous needy" apothecary announced:

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to him that utters them.

The law at all events was sound, though ROMEO got the drugs—by means of that gold that is

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

The druggists of to-day, many of them, have no more character than the wondrous needy man of Mantua, upon whose back contempt and beggary hung.

We Are "Materialists"

SOME ONE COMPLAINS that our editorial "The Cost of Intervention" is materialistic, because it figures in money and men the tax a Mexican war would entail. We are, then, materialists, since "idealism" means the sacrifice of 260,000 of our fellow countrymen. On one condition, however, we are prepared to welcome armed intervention. We unreservedly declare for it provided the army of occupation be made up of American and British oil magnates and mine owners—excluding neither Standard Oil nor the PEARSONS. Notice, however, that we say "magnates" and "owners"—not employees. These forces should form three great army corps—led, respectively, by the Hon. BOIES PENROSE of Pennsylvania, the Hon. ALBERT B. FALL of New Mexico, and the Hon. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST—all three on the firing line. One trouble with the wars that have been fought in the past is that the heaviest price has not been paid by the interested magnates and mine owners. It has been the employees who paid.

Victories of Peace

MOLE TEQUOP ("the man who talks with his hands") has a record of victory extending over thirty-five years. In the early spring of 1878, as a Second Lieutenant fresh from West Point, he overcame the Cheyennes in the Black Hills. The Crows were conquered at Mizpah Creek the same year. Other encounters, all uniformly successful, were with GERONIMO'S Apaches, with the Navajos and Utes of the Four Corners country, the Hopis beyond the Painted Desert, the Moros of Sulu in the Philippines, and, more recently, with the Navajos on the Beautiful Mountain. The names are sufficiently romantic. The Government saved a lot of powder on these "battles," for not a shot was fired. At most of them no troops were present. Success came because General HUGH L. SCOTT (that is his real name) prefers to know and study people in place of shooting them. He found out the feelings and grievances of the Indians, and dealt with them in honesty and fairness. The results were honorable, permanent, and inexpensive. Can we say as much for war after some four thousand years of recorded experience with it? War is merely the deadly and extravagant purchase of fear. Why not train a few disciples of General SCOTT for our diplomatic service? Unless this is done, it may some day be the epitaph of our modern civilization that it used civilized methods in dealing with the savages and savage methods in dealing with the civilized.

And Speaking of Hens

WE SANG THE HEN only the other day as an economic force and productive agent. But perhaps we didn't do her quite justice as an intellectual Titan. Our attention has been caught by a scientific and intellectual hen—really intellectual, not merely high-brow, like the hens at the afternoon tea in "Chantecler." This hen has a knowledge of physics. What is more, she applies it. Listen. The shed which she made her headquarters was warm and cozy. Thus she had no reason to worry about the temperature. But one day, when her owner was going off to church, this hen was locked out. Shut off from her well-heated quarters, she was forced to deposit an egg in a convenient snowdrift, where her owner happened to find it on his return. Naturally he supposed it to be frozen. Yet such was not the case. Investigating, he discovered that that hen *had laid an egg with a double shell having a vacuum between the inner and outer layers*. The hen had sized up the problem and solved it by the means used in every vacuum bottle to husband heat or cold. We take our hat off to this hen. She is entitled to a Ph. D. in physics. And we know the tale must be true, for (a) there are no snowdrifts in the silly season, and (b) it happened neither in New Jersey nor yet on Long Island.

The Higher English

THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON has a school of journalism, and an Eastern professor to teach it. The students of the university publish a paper, the "Oregon Emerald," from which we get this gem concerning certain changes at the University of Washington:

"Not only was hazing done away with, but the push-ball contest, the annual tie-ups, and all class scraps were abolished from the university in order that the new student council may start its work with a clean slate," declared the professor. These customs may be reinstituted, according to the faculty, but they will be done by the student council, and will if they are.

No wonder some old fogies have been invoking the referendum on the university's appropriation. The professors ought to polish that "Emerald."



From St. James's to Broadway

THE EVER-RESPECTABLE New York "Evening Post" cites in a recent book review:

The command laid on the dramatist, CRONE, to write a masque for the young Stuart princesses in the form of "a clean, decent, and inoffensive play on the story of a rape."

This was some 225 years ago or more, but what a market CRONE would have in our latter-day books and plays and movies! And how they have democratized the "literature" of royalty!

Street and Morgan

DESPITE OUR HOPES AND EFFORT, JULIAN STREET and WALLACE MORGAN will not be able on their present tour to visit the South. But may we say to our friends there that we are already planning for a second tour that is certain to include them? This undertaking has been something of an eye opener to us. The invitations are still pouring in by the hundreds. We are proud of our popularity—humble in the thought of our deserts.

Fashion Note

MR. C. W. DELYON NICHOLLS, authority on etiquette and fashion, and Governor General of the Society of Colonial Cavaliers, announces that his society is opposed to woman suffrage. Somehow we should just naturally suppose as much—even if he hadn't called attention to it.

Laughter

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Saturday Review" holds laughter to be "always vulgar and offensive." With thoroughgoing British disapproval, he quotes the stanza:

Let us have wine and women,
Mirth and laughter;
Lemonade and soda water
The day after.

"Laughter is profane, in fact, where it is not ridiculous," is the absurd conclusion. Just as if wine were the only laughter maker! Mirth may be ribald, cruel, profane; just as children may be heartless young savages. Laughter is a purifier. If the empty laugh declares the vacant mind, the laugh of resonance bespeaks the man of health. There is as much difference between the laugh which is only a noisy discord and the laugh which is an explosion of the comic spirit as there is between a barroom joke and a comedy by MOLIÈRE. In our modern sophistication too few of us know how to laugh at all. We can only grin, giggle, or snicker. A hearty laugh does the body good, and what is really good for the body is generally good for the soul too. "He who laughs," said GOETHE's mother, "can commit no deadly sin."

One Woman's Wit

VERY CLEVER PERSONS put together the magazine called "Current Opinion," but they show a quaint lack of literary understanding when they head an article about JANE AUSTEN: "Is the Greatest Humorist in English Literature a Woman?" Of course they must know better. JANE AUSTEN is, if you like, the most charming of British humorists, in some ways the most delightful commentator and dialogist of all writers in English—but she herself would have been the first to cry out: "Greatest nothing!" In her pages, as one reads in "Current Opinion" itself, "the seven deadly sins fade into one—ill taste." JANE AUSTEN is not to be measured in greatness, but in consummate, delicious, and quite perfect littleness. Those who echo MACAULAY's comparison of her characters and SHAKESPEARE's generally miss the point of the British essayist's remarks. Hers is the "Little Theatre"; her characters, most of them conventional to a degree, are nicely little in proportion. In the novel of JANE AUSTEN religion is represented by formalism; passion by cordiality; every great emotion by its diminutive. Do we regret the lack of the reforming instinct in JANE AUSTEN? Not in the least. This author's place is unique. She understood the country gentry of her times as no one else who wrote understood them; and people of to-day, too, can find themselves reflected in the mirrors of "Pride and Prejudice," and "Emma," and "Sense and Sensibility." Yet it is absurd to use the word "greatest" or "great" or "greatness" in discussing the creator of ELIZABETH BENNET. Literary distinction she has, this kindly satirist of men and manners and the marriage market; delight she brings to the fireside reader, but greatness—would you speak of the greatness of a miniature or the greatness of a Pekingese?

"The Lethargic Public"

TO OUR MIND the one sure mark of a tuppenny critic or "pote" is this talk about "the lethargic public," which means in plain words: "These people are dull and mean since they do not listen to me." We doubt it. There never was a time in the whole recorded history of the world when so many were reading, thinking, alert, and responsive to new ideas as now in this year 1914. Some of our most characteristic practices in business and politics are coming to be founded on this fact. But the world cannot listen to every mouse squeak of egoism. There isn't time.

Safety

FRANCE'S leading tourist aviator, M. CHAMPEL, has been carrying passengers from Port Aviation for some three years. He has taken up 1,772 different persons in that time—once 52 in one day—without an accident. Here is an incident in the history of civilization which many of us read without being stirred, while we get thrills out of reading something much less striking in GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The Coming of Spring

JOHN BURROUGHS is seventy-seven years old, God bless him, but when a man has passed seventy-five the years don't really signify. One is grateful to JOHN BURROUGHS for a great many things; one of them is the wholly unaffected love for nature and his fellow men that he has proved during all these years. Opening one of his books the other day (it happened to be called "A Year in the Fields") we found it asking the question: "From what fact or event shall one really date the beginning of spring?" And then one finds the answer:

The little piping frog usually furnishes a good starting point. One spring I heard the first note on the 6th of April; the next on the 27th of February; but, in reality, the latter season was only two weeks earlier than the former. When the bees carry in their first pollen, one would think spring had come. Yet this fact does not always correspond with the real stage of the season. Before there is any bloom anywhere, bees will bring pollen to the hive. Where do they get it?

The coming of spring is indicated to us in more ways than one—in city or country. For instance, there is that yearning we have to cut loose and desert the ship of state and the markets and the magazine office and to spend our days afield. Sometimes we yield to that instinct—and break off in what is really only the middle of the editorial paragraph.

The Why of Immorality

EVERY SO OFTEN some person with an unoccupied mind rises up to argue whether dancing, drink, cards, or what not is "the greatest cause of sin." This is the old excuse of the scapegoat, the old refusal to see that every mature human being is a responsible chooser of good or evil. To all these evasionists we can only recommend this saying, attributed to the Founder of the Christian religion:

For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders.

Manners and Marriage

ONE OF THE MORE UNRELIABLE New York morning papers quotes this observation:

"At least three nights a week," says a European suffragist, "a husband ought to utterly forget that he is married, throw aside every thought of domesticity, and go forth to battle with his fellows for another woman's smile."

Very likely nobody ever did say just this, but it is sap-headed enough to have emanated from the feminist fanatics, and it does make indirectly a very important point. One of the worst things about family life is the way in which people get to take things for granted, to presume and impose on the kindness of those who should be nearest and dearest to them. Suppose we really felt all the time that we had to try for the favor of those we care about? Getting married even does not give anyone a permanent tenure of the other person's good will. It is a stock incident in our fiction that relatives are apt to be on terms of ill will and suspicion. They may never have engaged in active hostilities, but they have bumped and rubbed one another sore; their present relations are the logical result of hundreds of small acts of rudeness, selfishness, and neglect. What they need above all else is an intensive politeness, a strict observance of one's manners within the family circle. Why should not the married man battle for his own wife's smile "at least three nights a week"?

A WEEK after Richard's departure Owen took Dempsey to join her chaperon at Hot Springs, and Mr. Nelson and Aunt Charlotte returned to Nelson's Gift.

"We three lone women roam about this house 'like mice in a cathedral'—as Sir Oliver Lodge says that electrons do in atoms," remarked Mary, as the last carriageful of guests drove off. She slipped her arm about Phoebe, who was standing on the lowest front step, where she had gone to give her father a last good-by kiss. "Poor little grass widow," she said, "you mustn't look so forlorn. What can we do, Sally, to cheer her up?"

"I'm a rather broken reed for cheerfulness myself," said Sally dryly. "I am going to the last resource—duty—for comfort: to write some letters that I've long neglected." And she ran off to her own room.

"What shall we do, mouse?" said Mary, feeling a little vexed with Sally. She thought that Phoebe looked very pale, and she didn't like those purplish shadows under her eyes. She was beginning to think that Phoebe's persistent idea of Sally's dislike for her was not all imaginary. "Shall we walk, or ride, or have a game of tennis?"

"You're so sweet to me, Cousin Mary," said Phoebe in her old, girlish way, leaning her cheek against Mary's arm. "But I feel so tired somehow to-day. If you don't mind, I think I'll just go and lie down in my own room for a little while."

And she, too, slipped off.

Mary stood, looking after her, and determined to advise Owen as soon as he returned to ask Charles Patton to have a look at Phoebe. "The child's dreadfully run down," she thought. "She's such a sensitive thing, though—I wonder if Sally's attitude toward her has anything to do with it? What a dreadfully complex thing 'family life' is!"

PHOEBE, lying listlessly on the lounge in her bedroom with the little lace pillow pressed against her cheek, was gazing absently at the gray, flower-filled cornucopias on the old carpet, and wondering how often she would be called on to bear the horror of Richard's presence—whether, indeed, she could bear it more without going out of her mind.

It seemed to her that her head had felt very queer and empty ever since he had come. All the past joy lay on her heart like the withered leaves on the autumn paths outside. Only there was no gardener in her heart to sweep away these leaves. And she seemed to see her heart, a little feverish red ball wrapped in moldering leaves. She turned over and brushed the hair from her face, holding it back with both hands, and staring up now at the ceiling. One, two, three—four flies. She thought all the flies died on some mysterious date in October. How had these come there? Probably the warmth of the wood fire had brought them to life again. She counted them over, then back again—now straight across, now diagonally. "How stupid my mind is!" she thought. "It's so tired, yet it goes working over a silly thing like counting flies. Now, if I told him—if I got him to come here in this room—all alone—the moment he comes back—and told him everything—how would that be? It might be better than this feeling I have all the time now—all the time—even in dreams. Yes—suppose he turned me out of the house—the poor baby and me—at least I would feel honest. This horrible, slimy feeling of hypocrisy would be gone. But then—"

"Well—you see," she said aloud, as if addressing some one, "I would so much rather be dead than be without his love." The sound of her own voice speaking in the empty room gave her a scared feeling, and, strange to say, a feeling of the room's not being empty but filled with some silent, inimical presence. "It's as if we were never really alone," she thought, her heart beating faster. "As if there were—witnesses."

She turned over again, and again fell to staring at the gray cornucopias. What would he say if I told him? And suddenly her ears seemed ringing with vile epithets uttered in Owen's voice. She lay quite still, her heart beating faster and faster. She imagined him

World's-End

Chapter XVII

The Guilt of Queen Guinevere

By Amélie Rives

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL



"Yes, suh, Marse Owen, dat's sho' Logan's tree. My gran'paw is ben tend' on yo' gran'paw whilst he wuz confabulatin' wid ole Logan hisse'f onder dat ve'y tree"

looking at her with a hard, jeering stare, cool as glass. She even imagined him striking her!

"Then what would I do? I would get down close to his feet like a dog—and kiss them—and perhaps he would kick me. No, no! I am going crazy!—I'm not thinking my own thoughts—something, not me—is thinking them in me. It's that thing that's in this room—watching me—hating me—"

SHE spoke aloud again before she knew it, sitting up and holding back her hair from her hot forehead with both hands.

"Well—you see," she said, as though addressing that invisible thing, "the wages of sin is death. But suppose death doesn't come? What pays sin, then?"

Her voice did not startle her this time. "What pays sin, then?" she repeated, frowning and looking at the wall before her, as though she expected an answer. She waited a moment and then said, still aloud:

"If death doesn't come, one can go after it and fetch

it and pay oneself—yes, that must be the way. Is it the way?"

She waited again as if for the answer. It seemed to come from somewhere, for she lay down again with a heavy sigh, murmuring:

"Yes—of course—that's it. But it's very difficult to find death. It sounds easy in books—but really it's very—very difficult."

Here some one softly opened the door (she had forgotten to lock it), and Mary slipped in with a little tray on which was a glass of sherry and bitters and some delicate sandwiches.

Phoebe lay looking at her, still with the little pillow doubled against her cheek.

"I couldn't—I couldn't, Cousin Mary," she began murmuring, shivering with repulsion. But Mary came and knelt beside her, speaking with quiet determination. She knew the master key to Phoebe's will.

"Listen, dear," she said, "do you want to meet Owen when he comes back to-morrow, looking like a blue-and-white ghost? Do you want to be sent to some horrid place for your health, with domineering nurses bullying you from morning till night? Very well then—take what I've brought at once. I've been watching you. Owen asked me to. You haven't eaten a morsel, that I've seen, for nearly two days. Come, Phoebe—I assure you that Owen and Charles Patton, between them, will certainly pack you off to a sanatorium if they find you looking like this."

PHOEBE swallowed all the wine and ate a sandwich and a half with perfect meekness. Then she suddenly rebelled and pushed the plate from her with petulant disgust. "Not another mouthful—not if they sent me to prison," she said, half sobbing, half laughing.

Mary put down the plate, and, sitting down on the sofa, drew her into her arms as though she had been a baby.

"There—there—there," she said, rocking her gently. "Do you know, Phoebe, I believe all this is more mental than physical. I believe you've got something preying on your mind. Yes—I believe I know your secret, you little ostrich—Phoebe!" she called the next instant. The girl hung limp in her arms. She had fainted dead away.

Dreadfully frightened, Mary laid her flat on the sofa and rang for America on her way to the washstand for a wet towel.

Then as she knelt by her, trying to restore her, she thought suddenly: "I wonder—I wonder if it could be—that."

But by "that" Mary only meant that she wondered if Phoebe might perhaps be going to bear Owen a son.

AS SOON as he saw her on his return from the Hot Springs next evening, Owen was struck by the sudden change in Phoebe, just as Mary had been the day before. It was as if some deep-seated inner illness had suddenly sent its painful

signal into her pale face and heavy eyes. But when Mary spoke of this to him, and asked if he did not mean to have Dr. Patton see her at once, he said no, that he thought Patton was not needed just now, and this confirmed Mary in her own secret thought of yesterday.

Owen, standing alone over his study fire, mused deeply and painfully. Some way must be found out of this impasse. He could not leave her to sit alone in the dark jail of her thoughts, like the poor wretch in Poe's story on whom the walls closed inch by inch every day. Yet how—how? In some way—by some means he must manage to impart more clearly to her his views on certain questions—on the general question of sin and the forgiveness of sin. In a general way she knew his opinions on that subject—knew that he held no narrow, harsh views of women whom the world called "disgraced" or "lost"; but from the very closeness of the subject to her own piteous case he had never ventured to speak more than casually on such topics. Now the time had come when it would be a kind cruelty to wound her by direct allusions to instances of a like nature, and by so doing clearly and emphatically to make known to her his own attitude toward them. Yes, he must make her see

once and for all that in his innermost thought it was by bad faith she had chiefly wronged him—not by a fault committed before she loved him, but by her silence in regard to that fault—her lack of truth with him. He felt sure that once he had expressed himself fully, clearly, strongly in the matter, she would speak out as he knew that she longed to, and her heart would be freed from the load which now seemed eating into it like a cancerous tumor, that, long torpid, has suddenly, under some hidden stimulus, renewed its deadly florescence. She would see how, when he knew all, he could still love and honor her for all that was lovable and honorable in her, clean forgiving and forgetting the wrong that she had wiped out by confession. She must realize that he was one who left the dead past to bury its dead—and that in his view the woman who has yielded unwise to love has not by that one act shut herself out from all other love and the respect of those who obey a larger commandment than that written on the tables of the pharisaical.

Al, how well he understands how it all happened with her—poor child, so young, so undisciplined—not half sensing where codes and conventions are weak and where strong; then slowly, as we all win our souls, coming little by little to the knowledge from within as well as from without, that bad faith is at bottom the crime, the core of all crime. How well he divined the sense of cowardly hypocrisy that was gnawing her—the remorse for the lie that she had acted to him—and the fear, the dark, dreadful fear

that were she to tell him now he would turn from her with scorn and loathing.

"If I can't ease that sweet heart of hers, and bring her to confide in me wholly—I'm no man, but a straw image," he thought grimly.

THE next day was clear and mild, though the blue haze had increased till the mountains looked like scenery in a dream.

"Let's go wandering, dear," said Owen to Phoebe, as they stood in the south portico after luncheon, watching the gardeners raking up the short grass from the lawns which had just been shaven. "You won't even need a hat—just put on boots and gaiters so that we can go into thickets and 'brier patches' if we like—and then let's explore the whole farm."

"Oh, I'd love to!" said Phoebe, a timid joy stealing into her shadowed eyes. "It always makes me happy to go over the farm with you."

She ran off and was back in ten minutes in a short skirt and stout little boots and shooting gaiters.

"We'll take in the stables on our way out," said Owen; "I want to have a look at that foreleg of Paternoster's."

He took some apples from a basket on one of the hall tables, and they went across the western lawn toward the stables.

THE mellow October sun flooded the world, softly, clearly, like a great, golden sea whose bed was the arable soil tilled by little mortals. Against the vague blue hills and distances the autumn woods

hung like an arras of lovely faded tapestry, with now and then the more vivid accent of some frost-reddened tree spreading the great posy of its branches against the vaporous azure.

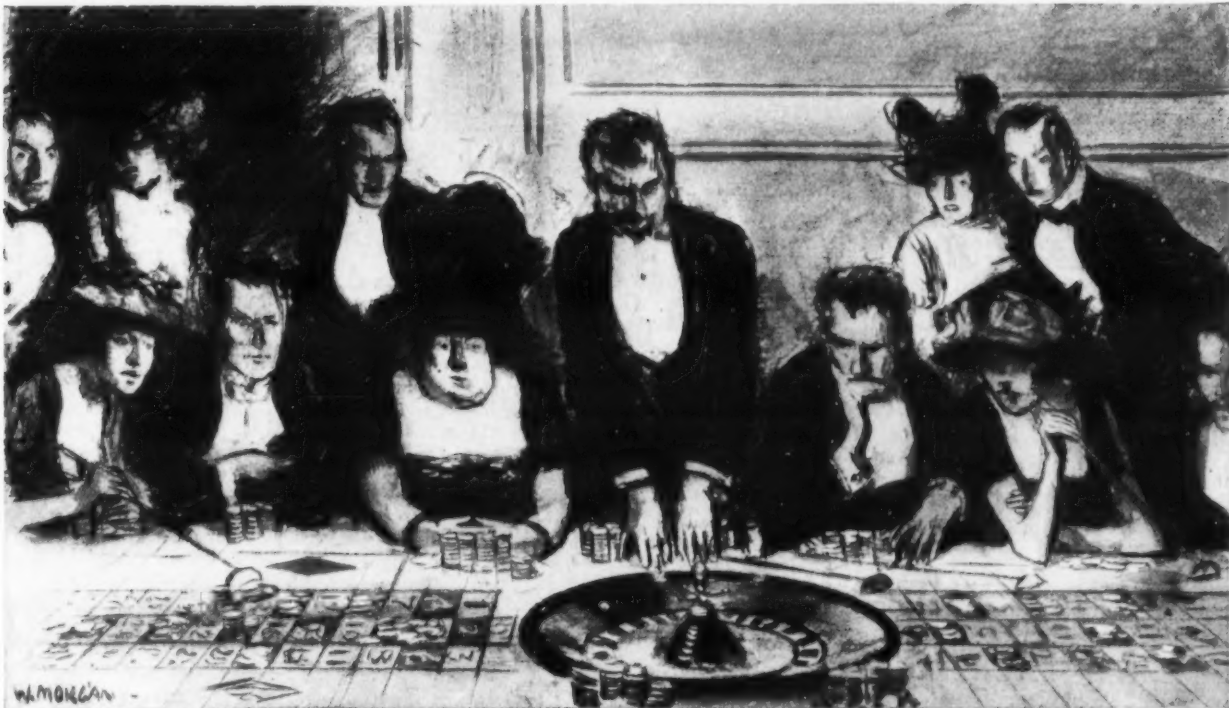
On every side man, tiller of the soil, was at his labors. Here the great fields of maize, their tassels twelve to fifteen feet above the dark red earth, were beginning to go down beneath the gray blades of the corn knives; there, a spike team—two milk-white Clydesdales and a gray—plodded soberly, slanting forward in the strain of plowing—along the shoulder of a hill where wheat had been harvested in June. The rich, share-sleeked clouds—violet brown in this fat "bottom" fell, slowly turning like a sluggish, heavy wave in the wake of the plow. And that freshest, sweetest, most mysterious of all fragrances, the scent of newly broken earth, floated dank and cool into the sunlit air.

HIGH in the dreamy sky a buzzard—ignoblest of birds, noblest of aeronauts—sailed on moveless wings as though dozing, in its assured, contemptuous flight above a world that creeps and clambers.

And softly, rhythmically, like the beating of the day's heart under its blue gauzes, the regular "rap-rap, rap-rap" of the apple packers' hammers sounded from the distant orchards.

As they stood on the flight of stone steps sunk in the turf near the box hedge that divided the western lawn from the paddocks they could see the little Green-Flower, stained (Continued on page 26)

The American Savage



NONE of the other Americans at the Prince de Galles knew Mr. Frank Connor of New York City.

We told our French and English friends that he was not the kind of American we were in the habit of meeting. We said it frequently and passionately; for the longer an expatriate remains away from home the more firm and uncompromising is he as to what a "nice" American must not be.

Our French and English friends listened to us politely and went away to speak of Mr. Connor not merely as an American, but as "the American."

Some of us grew heated, as tales of his exploits got about, and descended from phrases of idle contempt to terms quite unpleasant and unmistakable, as "boulder," "sweep," and "apache."

It was rumored that he was a professional gambler; and that his knowledge of chances had enabled him to break the bank across the bay. Certainly he had broken it, for he boasted of the adventure and others had seen him in the act.

The hotel was full of Russians of a more or less doubtful cast, and Connor was constantly to be seen with them. It was said that he was teaching them our national game of poker and had won from them fabulous sums.

He used to swagger every night into the café of the Casino, sent himself at one of the little drab iron tables, and, if the waiters were not immediately attentive, beat upon it with his big right fist.

March 21

By Edith Orr

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

HIS clothes were the evening clothes of civilization; the difference was in the way he wore them. His hands played about impatient of the restraining cuff; his neck jerked fiercely against the collar; his shirt bosom creaked. He had a tremendous jaw, a challenging eye, and a shock of thick, black hair. When he walked or moved his right shoulder went first.

"Bring me a silver fizz," he would say in a lordly and contemptuous tone.

And when a waiter mournfully thought that they had not a silver fizz, he would want a gin rickey, and when the gin rickey was not forthcoming and Scotch or rye was suggested, he would wearily command the one or the other and look about for sympathy at being stranded in a benighted land. If the waiter was not quick enough he would ask what was the matter with him and had he the sleeping sickness.

MY COMPATRIOTS said no one ever acted like that at home; but sometimes it seemed to me that I had not been so refined before I left America. Anyway it was not long before I was the only American at the Prince de Galles who knew Connor.

He was "with" a firm in New York, and had been

sent abroad to buy goods. Having accomplished in two weeks what was expected to take a month, he was treating himself to a holiday. Connor was quite frank in his general condemnation of the whole continent. He objected to the absence of anything you could really call breakfast and the invariable presence of diplomat pudding at dinner. He considered the business methods of Europe antiquated and pictured the whole Old World slumbering on in happy and ridiculous obsolescence.

HE HAD—been particularly disappointed in the gambling arrangements of Europe, to which he had looked forward, I gathered, as to some new enchantment of the senses.

He had expected scenes of lurid abandonment; beautiful women laughing feverishly as they swept into their laps great piles of gold and notes, desperate characters watching the last Napoleon fade away and going out to shoot themselves. He himself had accomplished the great adventure, and it had left him cold and unsatisfied.

"I broke the bank. Sure I broke the bank. But it took me a week to do it, and all the good it did was to put one table out of business, while I ambled over to the next and lost the last red I'd made."

I mentioned the game of poker. Connor grinned. I was on the right track here. He admitted he had a regular class in poker, including one Belgian count, a French prince, a German baron, and Russians uncountable.



He blurted it out—the fatal truth.
“What do you know about this? The old lady asked me what my intentions were—”

“Show a man with a handle to his name a legitimate business proposition and he’ll act like it was the cholera; show him a phony game of chance and he’ll buck it every time. And not men only, mind you. Inside of three days, if you’ll believe me, I had a lady sending me messages and begging to be let in!”

“Did you let her in?”

“No, it wasn’t the place for a woman, not even a Russian. She was a Russian, a Russian princess. I got up a little quiet game with her, her nephew, and an old sport they call the General.”

“What’s her name?”

“I don’t know what her regular name is. They just call her Tatiana Alexandrovna when they speak to her. I don’t know what to call her myself.”

“Good loser?”

“Fine. Seems to like to lose. She’s a queer old party—and a princess too, mind you!”

THE old Princess Tatiana Alexandrovna—known in French simply as Mme. Makaroff—was a familiar sight to all frequenters of the Casino. She came every year before the season had really dawned and left only when the plane trees had come into leaf. It was currently rumored that she brought with her always 50,000 francs in gold, which, with careful husbanding, saw her through the season. The rest of the year she spent on her country estate far from Petersburg, where, in pitiful economies, she made up for the ravages of the past year and prepared for the glories of the next. She was old and fat and her face was pear-shaped, like that of Louis Philippe or a Chinese idol, and day after day she was the first at her favorite roulette table and the last to leave. She always sat at the right of the croupier, just in front of Rouge, her white jeweled old hands crossed behind her piles of gold and silver.

She had a last remaining daughter, or rather stepdaughter, with her that year. Her own daughters she had succeeded in marrying off years before. She had a dame de compagnie for the young girl, who was never seen in the Casino, and very seldom with Mme. Makaroff at all.

CONNOR accosted me one morning and asked me if I were going to the ball at the Cercle Nautique that night. Some one had sent me a card, but the doubtful glories of a club ball had not fired my imagination.

“Come on,” urged Connor mysteriously.

“You going?”

“Sure. Taking a lady friend. Come on. I’ll introduce you to her.”

Something in the words or his manner piqued my curiosity. I went. The cotillion was at its height when I entered the ballroom.

Connor, his mighty arms flung high in air, came sliding the length of the polished floor, while all in his path scattered to cover.

The favor for that figure, a rope of flowers, he curled like a reata in spirals about his head. Coming abreast of the hapless chosen one, he shot it out to fall about her shoulders. Her he straightway grasped and whirled into the maze in a step reminiscent of the café dance of that season.

I thought I might have to save him from lynching; but Connor was the hit of the evening.

“He is amazing, splendid, that big savage there.”

“They are all like that, the Americans.”

His neighbors shrugged their shoulders and looked approvingly at the wild American, as if applauding a new and eccentric vaudeville turn.

As Connor passed on in the dance he favored me over the head of his partner with a long, slow contortion of the face, beginning at the left eye and traveling downward. So I understood that his partner of the moment was the “lady friend.”

With the next revolution I saw her face. It was a surprising face. She was a girl, almost a child, slight, fair, exquisite. She had yellow hair, a skin like milk, and slanting Tartar eyes. Her frock was perfection in simplicity. She had an indefinable, untouched, hothouse look that went very badly indeed with Connor and a ball at the Cercle Nautique.

Connor swaggered up to me when the figure was over.

“Some class to that little girl, what?”

I pretended to congratulate him; but suddenly I felt annoyed with Connor and sorry that I had come.

“They ain’t used to real men over here.”

His complacent vanity was magnificent.

“Who is she?”

“The old lady’s stepdaughter, just out of a French convent. She hasn’t really made her debut, but seeing it was me they made an exception. Come along; I’ll introduce you and you can have the next dance with the little girl.”

“Have you asked permission?”

“Have I asked permission? Why, man, I brought her here! Brought the old lady along because she threw a fit about me taking the little girl alone. What would I ask permission for?”

His face expressed such amazement that I forbore to press the question.

THE little girl did not seem to be so happy as a fledgling ought to be at her first ball. As we bore down upon her, she shrank farther into the shadow cast by her ponderous stepmother and looked down at the fan in her lap, which she was nervously opening and folding again.

The old princess, blinking her inscrutable eyes, was very cordial in a spidery kind of way. She assured me she found it enchanting to make the acquaintance of a friend and compatriot of our dear Mr. Connor.

“Indeed my little one will be very glad to dance with you. You must be patient with her. She does not dance very well yet, do you, chérie?”

“But, mamma,” said the girl in French, very low, not looking at anyone, “I cannot. I promised this one to Stepan—to Lieutenant Scribin.”

An immaculate youth, whose shoulders and bearing suggested gold lace and buttons, was at that moment hanging his hands and drooping his neck in a bow just beside her.

“My cousin was to save this for me,” he said sweetly.

I was rather glad to get out of the affair with honor and was about to make way for the young Russian. But I had reckoned without Connor.

“What d’you mean?” he cried, turning red down to his collar. “You can’t butt in on us this way, Lieutenant. She’s here with me. I brought her. If I bring up any friend of mine, I don’t care who it is, I expect him to get a square deal.”

“I promised the dance to my cousin,” murmured the girl, gentle but very obstinate.

CONNOR turned to her with heavy and jocular gallantry. “But you hadn’t any business to make promises, young lady—see what I mean? You’ve got to leave promises to me. Ain’t I right, ma’am?”

The old woman took us all in appraisingly from under her heavy, white lids. There was a look of sinister amusement on her face as at some joke she was sure no one but herself was clever enough to see.

“Be a good boy, Stepan,” she croaked. “Let the American gentleman dance with Marya—”

Just what happened after that I

do not exactly know. I seemed

to myself to be apologizing and

about to take myself away.

Marya was thanking me

with a shy look, and about

to put her hand into that

of her cousin. There

was a rush as of a

rocket mounting into

space, and the young

Russian and I were left

staring at each other,

while Connor whirled

his “lady friend” on

his fiery way.

Lieutenant Scribin

turned very red and

then very pale, put his

heels together, bowed,

and strode significant-

ly out of the room.

“Oh la-la-la-la!” ob-

served Mme. Makaroff

quite comfortably.

“How droll these

young men

are! Sit down,

monsieur,

and amuse an

old woman.”

“You can’t butt in on us this way, Lieutenant. She’s here with me. I brought her”

I sat down beside her. Of course it was not right to talk to her as I did, but a mature and sane American objects to being drawn out by a wily Continental as if he were a simple child. Besides there is something in the sound of French from my own lips that intoxicates me and makes me want to tell lies.

I WAS an old friend of Mr. Connor’s? she began.

Of course I was. Oh, very, very old. We had gone to school together.

Then surely I knew his family. It was distinguished, one could see that, in his native land.

Most distinguished.

His father had been a merchant, he had told her.

Perfectly.

In America all merchants are rich—was it not so? Of course—Cresuses.

We had such extraordinary ideas of riches. Such imaginations—staggering! Now what would I call rich?

Oh, I wouldn’t call anything wealth under 25,000,000 francs.

Mr. Connor?

Had doubtless the same ideas.

The old Princess blinked her eyes like a sleepy boa constrictor. She did not go on. She did not want to go on. She remained where she was and mentally wallowed in the gorgeous idea of 25,000,000 francs in heaps of gold around her.

I left her, politely I hope, and went for a walk along the sea front, feeling very much disgusted with everything. The waves broke, pounding on the beach, and the scent of the mimosa mingled with the sharp smell of brine. I wished I were a Russian and in love with a young slip of a cousin.

THE band played merrily away the next morning in its little round bird cage. The sun shone cheerfully. Promenaders chatted and were gay; dapper little Frenchmen, sputtering Germans in Tyrolean hats, actresses from Paris, handsome Jews from Vienna, swarthy Turks draped in their own wares of laces and tinselled scarfs, straight-haired English children with their prim governesses, priests with green-lined umbrellas.

Alone on a bench sat Connor, his Panama hat drawn down over his eyes, his great hands dangling between his knees. He lifted his eyes heavily as I spoke to him and they were red and bloodshot.

“Say,” he began. “It’s no use—I got to go home and get out of this.”

I seated myself beside him.

“What’s wrong, Connor? You were the ‘belle of the ball’ when I left you last night. Does Lieutenant Scribin want to fight, and has he sent a friend to wait upon you?”

“Him? No, I ain’t laid eyes on him. He’s the least of my troubles. He’s sweet on the girl, I guess, but I don’t think he’d queer my game much.” He puffed out his chest at the thought, and the action seemed to restore his usual complacency.

“It ain’t the Lieutenant. It’s the old lady—”

“What’s she up to?”

He turned red: “You saw what I did last night—I was sorry to turn you down, being a friend, but it was a case of Russia against the whole United States.”

“That was all right.”

“Well, they can’t make me see I did anything but what any gentleman would do in defense of his rights—I took her to that party and no one else had any

(Continued on page 23)





Miss Pearl Vogel "swearing in" Coxey volunteers

Coxey's Second Army Opens the Spring Campaign



Wrecking Freight Cars to Provide a Dike

WHILE the East and the North were struggling in snow, southern California was being drenched with damaging rains. The snapshot above shows one of the emergency measures taken in Los Angeles to control the waters of Los Angeles River. Five freight cars were shunted into the river to prevent the swollen stream from eating farther into the bank and destroying warehouses.

In the neighborhood of Los Angeles six lives were lost and the flood damages exceeded \$3,000,000.

THE first division of Coxey's Army to start on the march to Washington—2,000 unemployed men who were enlisted in San Francisco—did not have far to go to engage in battle. In Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, 250 policemen armed with rifles routed the army, put it on street cars and shipped it to the railroad town of Richmond, ten miles north. In Richmond the army amused itself with an attempt to demolish a storage building, so policemen arrested a few of the leaders and temporarily dispersed the rest of the army by charging it with clubs.

Our photograph above shows Miss Pearl Vogel, journalistically described as "a second Joan of Arc," swearing in Division One in a San Francisco public square.



LAVA-HEATED WATER, which made sea bathing possible in February, was a small compensation granted to the survivors of the volcanic eruption that devastated Sakura Island, Japan



BY SAWING OFF the two highest branches of a pine tree and nailing a crosspiece on their stumps, Howard Tyrrell, a forest guard in the Klamath National Forest, California, has a lookout seat 100 feet above ground. He sleeps on a platform in the limbs. A trapeze, shown above, saves him time in descending



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And finally, and most important of all, from a *price standpoint*—the Overland costs 30% less than any other similar car on the market.

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Pickups

By Grantland Rice



The Duffer's Dream

With any necessary apologies

ONE night a Duffer dreamed that he had died And that his wretched, bally soul had skied To Heaven's gate, where, finding it was locked, He clamored "Fore" and hammered, rapped, and knocked.

"Who comes," St. Peter cried, "with all that din?"
"A Duffer," cried the soul; "please let me in."
"And what is that," he heard the good saint say,
"That you should hear the golden harps at play;
What have you done upon that earth so drear
That you should mingle with the angels here?
Put me adjacent to a Duffer's fate!"—
And this reply came drifting through the Gate—

"A Duffer's fate? I pray you bend an ear
And be prepared, O Saint, to shed a tear;
For thirteen years the ancient green I buffed,
Sliced, hooked and fozzled, topped and smeared
and schlauffed,
Spending my days in bunkers, traps, and worse,
Dividing time between a sob and curse;
Losing each time I struck a swinging blow
A new white ball at sixty cents a throw,
Until a wreck, with tangled nerves awry,
I had naught left except an alibi.

"A Duffer's fate? To work your soul apart
And then get worse each time you make a start;
To be ashamed at any time or place
To look your anguished caddie in the face;
To know your friends, each time that you alight,
Are diving swiftly from your anxious sight;
To get an 'eight,' a 'seven,' and a 'ten,'
A 'nine,' a 'six,' and then an 'eight' again;
To flub your drive and take three putts or more,
While those behind are loudly yelling 'Fore'—
To know each year the selfsame bitter lot—
You have the facts—do I get in, or not?"

"Here is the key," St. Peter said. "Come through—
Heaven, I think, was built for such as you;
Choose any harp among these scenes of mirth—
O blighted soul, you had your Hell on earth."

In Warning

AS THESE death-defying phrases are being propelled to press, word comes to us that the demand for colored wigs will soon be abundant and that the two favored fashion tints will be purple and green.

Less than a hundred years ago the most appealing outdoor sport among a good many Indians was to rush upon their prey, first tomahawk their victims and then tear their reeking scalps loose with savage yells of exultation.

We have never tomahawked nor scalped a lady in our life, as far as we can remember, but if we ever meet a dame attached to a purple or green wig and there is a tomahawk, hatchet, ax, baseball bat, or brick in quick reach, we state flatly right here that



we will not be responsible for what may happen. We have an iron will, one that is under wonderful control, but after all there are certain limits.

The Turkey-Trot Variety

Lives of dancers oft remind us
How to work the jamboree,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Finger prints from neck to knee.

Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a proud dame who wore the long, dangling earrings so highly esteemed in Fifth Avenue and Fiji Island society. The aforesaid attachments to the punctured lobes of her shell-like listeners increased her good looks and generally attractive appearance by at least 47 per cent. In fact, they looked good on her.

Moral—Munchausen and Ananias never dreamed of one like this, even in midseason form.



The Revised Version Being—

THE time I've spent in wooing,
In courting and pursuing
The Tango Glides
And Mazur Slides
Have been my soul's undoing.

Though teachers oft have sought me,
I smeared the lore they taught me,
And twisted pegs
And tangled legs
And woe is all it's brought me.

Panning the Pessimist

A CERTAIN morose pessimist remarked lately that the present era had become entirely too swift—that old-fashioned decency was no longer part of the parade.

After a thorough investigation of the present status of things in general, we are glad to be able to report that he was entirely out of focus. Outside of an indecent tendency in our popular songs, our dances, our drama, a good part of our literature, most feminine apparel, and a section of our political life, the situation apparently is fairly well arrayed in cleanly garb. But you can't persuade a pessimist to look in this direction. Benighted wight that he is, he still insists that there is room for a trifle more decency in a few sparsely scattered spots. Which, of course, there isn't.

Mack vs. McGraw

WITH full realization of all the bizarre wrinkles and kinks that might assail expected developments through seven months of baseball, it is difficult to see how any outside stymie will be able to prevent Mr. John J. McGraw of New York and Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy of Philadelphia from meeting in their fourth world-series clash this coming fall.

Neither machine is old yet, except in victory. Both have added to their 1913 power, which was strong enough then to suppress all pennant competition. And in both circuits the Federal array has come handily to their aid, weakening competition by heavy raids upon the Phillies and the Cleveland Naps.

So it is that Giants and Athletics still look to be the class of the field, and, by all the laws of the dope, October will find us again watching Messrs. Mathewson, Marquard, Tesreau, Demaree, etc., endeavoring to ascertain just what peculiar variety it is that Messrs. Baker, Collins, etc., can't hit beyond the confines of the lot. All in all, it is a trying ordeal for Manager McGraw. By winning he will have achieved the distinction of being the first manager in over thirty years to attach four successive pennants in one of the Main Corral. But by winning he must also pay the price of meeting that Mackian Avalanche again, a consummation devoutly to be spurned.

Have a Heart!

Being forty years old, with seventeen big-league seasons already behind him, this will likely be Hans Wagner's last year.—Baseball Note

TELL us, Doc Time, in accents dire,
Curuso bows before the Fates;
Say that T. R. will soon retire
As Percy Wilson abdicates;

Say that Maude Adams' day is through,
That Southern fades behind the wings;
Or whisper Kubelik is due
To strum no more the living strings—

Take whom you will from any part,
If Fame's brief line-up you must rob;
But set some limit—have a heart
And leave that Dutchman on the job.

The Story of the Rose

SHE cut me loose from my swaying stem
In the sweep of the silver dew;
She took me away from my garden home
And the old-time friends I knew;
Away from the fold of my crimson clan
Through a hallway, dark and cool,
Where she buried my thirsty, drooping lips
In the depths of a crystal pool.

She brought me forth in the twilight's shade
With a smile, as her red lips pressed
Against my own, and her eyes were bright
As my head leaned to her breast;
And together we wandered forth again
Where the moon danced through the trees,
And the breath of my clan came back to me
On the drift of the twilight breeze.

Our pathway led to the garden gate,
When out through the moonlight clear
Another came up the winding road
With an old-time song of cheer;
And side by side on the rustic bench
They sat where the stars shone dim,
And when he left for the road again
He took me away with him.

He opened the dusty book one night
Where I had lain through the years;
And his eyes, half closed in the lonesome room,
Looked down through the mist of tears;
And he held me there till the gray dawn swept
The shadow away with its gleams—
"Ashes of roses—" I heard him say—
"Ashes of roses—and dreams."

Postmortem
No 1—"I'd like
to pay tax on
that \$35,000"

Post mortem
No 2—"Huh!
If I was you
I'd be in that
\$35,000"



How It Worked

WITH the initial filing of the Income Tax we discovered only two classes that had any lusty roar to make by way of general complaint.

The first kick came from those with incomes large enough to be soaked. The second growl came from those with incomes too small to be considered. The citizen paying a tax of \$35,000 on a \$500,000 income was considerably peeved. The citizen with an income of only \$1,000 was equally depressed because he didn't have the \$500,000. Beyond which, income conditions appeared to be eminently satisfactory to the universe at large.

The Coat and the Lining

"WE PREFER the coat to the lining; the game to the score."—Theodore Andrea Cook, British delegate to the Olympic Games International Committee.

This is well enough as far as it goes, Mr. Cook, but does it travel the full distance?

It would be sap-headed folly, of course, to put the lining above the coat or the score beyond the game. But why not both the coat and the lining—the game and the score together?

As a matter of fact, in spite of theoretical dreams to the contrary, this is precisely what England does do, as well as America and every other red-blooded country which sends its entries to the field.

There are two main ingredients attached to any game—the first, to play cleanly and fairly; the second, to play hard to win.

The coat is a grand little institution. But the warm lining of victory has its place here and there to ward off the harassing chill of defeat.

Getting Off on an Ocean Liner

By HOMER CROY

EVERY time I get on an ocean liner to go anywhere I feel frightened. The ship is so big and there are so many people and so much confusion that I feel as though I ought to be at home with the nurse.

I always wonder why they left the ship so far out at sea, for even though I ride to the end of the car line, or as far as the car will take me, my trip to the dock has just begun. It is always a long jaunt from the beginning of the covered dock to the ship. A person feels that he has been traveling a long time even to get to the liner. Somebody has always been there ahead of me and piled the wharf building high with boxes and barrels so that at every step I have to dodge a wharf worker to keep from being run down by a hand truck. The truck workers always seem to know the ship I am to sail on and get out in my path.

DURING the morning I arrive at the gangplank, but when I start up the guard tells me it is the wrong entrance. I have to walk back to the gatekeeper to ask where my gangplank is. It always seems that somebody with a low sense of humor has hidden my gangplank. No person with the instincts of a gentleman would do this. The gate guard looks at my stateroom number, points up to another deck, and motions off into the morning—I have been trying to get in with the third-class passengers! I walk through the littered wharf house again, dodging other truck handlers, and in the course of the morning arrive at another gangplank.

I START up, but a uniformed official stops me with a question. I converse with him until he feels that it will be safe for me to go aboard. I take a few more steps when another man thinks up a question and stops me. As I put my feet on the deck another guard is seized with an idea and comes up and asks a question.

With a suit case in each hand I start out to hunt for my stateroom. I decide to drop into my stateroom, leave my things and come up on deck to welcome my friends—it sounds so easy. I start down a companionway, struggling along in the dim light with my grips. In the narrowest passage I meet the fat man. On every ship there is one fat man who likes to linger in the narrow aisles.

I TRY to decipher the numbers over the doors, but the stateroom is in hiding. My key says C17 and it seems only natural that it should be near B18, but it is not. They have secreted C17 somewhere on the ship, but they shall not placate me. I don't want any of their placates, so I go on hunting for the stateroom. In peering along at the numbers I step off on a lower floor and bite

my tongue. This makes me think even less of their placates.

Something within me struggles for expression, but the companionway is full of ladies. I go on the upper deck to find a member of the crew to get a clue to my stateroom, but all the crew seem to be on the gangplank asking questions. At last I see a uniformed man coming and step over to ask him the question, but he dodges out of sight down a stairway. I wait and wait until another comes by and step up to him with the words on my lips. He waves me to another man and hurries on. I gather from his actions that the ship wouldn't get off unless he personally superintended it. I am sorry that I stopped so important a man until I glance at his uniform and see that he is a deck hand with a regular income of \$16 a month.

ANOTHER of the ship's crew comes into sight and I make for him. Although he sees me coming, he does not try to get away. After all there is one gentleman aboard. To him I put my question as to where C17 was last seen. He does not quite understand, so I repeat my question slowly and carefully. The man shakes his head and goes on—he doesn't understand English!

Bent and bowed with my suit cases, I stumble on, hunting for my stateroom. At last the number glistens above the door, and I eagerly fit my key into the lock. But the door opens only part way. I put my shoulder against the door and finally wedge in. The stateroom is full of grips, suit cases, and handbags of my traveling companion. I have not yet seen the person who is to share my stateroom with me, but already I have my opinion of him. The other man always has the most luggage. I kick his

grips into a corner, put mine in the middle of the floor, and hurry out to look for my friends. I had told them to meet me on deck, but it hadn't occurred to me that there was a whole school of decks. At last I spy my friends and rush at them, but just then the whistle blows, and with a farewell wave they have to rush off.

AFTER the mate has hurried the last person off and drawn up the gangplank, I stand there waiting for the ship to pull out. My friends go down to the other end of the pier. The boat does not move. It does not offer to move; not a tug tightens. I spend the time in puzzling over the mystery of why they draw up the gangplank so far ahead of time and still make no move to be off. I sit down and wait awhile; then I stand up to see if that will hurry them. At last the boat finally gets going and we sail past the end of the pier and out into the bay and I wave and wave at my friends—without feeling quite sure that I recognize them.

Wanted

The Words of an Old-Time Song

Collier's is endeavoring to recover the words and music of a song which dates back to the original conquest of the Alleghenies. It is described in

A Son of the Middle Border

A Serial by

Hamlin Garland

Beginning in the March 28 Issue

It is an autobiographic story of a family migration through the States of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Dakota during a certain heroic and splendid era of settlement. It is a detailed study of the homeliness and intimacy of family life, with the shine of firelight in it, amid the actual conditions of farm life just following the Civil War. Unlike many recent autobiographic writings, this is at every point a human story; it has no political discussions, and no direct bearing on sociological problems. It is everywhere filled with the actual doings of men and women of the border—humorous, homely, typical. The romance and adventure of a manner of life now extinct make it a story of unusual fascination, and one that our readers should not pass by.



"Ladies and Gentlemen:

Here you see a veritable monument of culinary art—

"A tempting wholesome food-product which appeals to all tastes, and suits such a variety of occasions that it has become a leading menu-feature in our best-conducted homes—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

"Pleasing both the eye and the taste, it combines a fresh *natural* color and flavor with a satisfying richness peculiar to itself. It is a delightful and appropriate soup-course with any dinner which is not extremely heavy.

"Why not enjoy it at your table today?"



"Away! No sultriness to my mind With softly-toned infections. Just bring me but some Campbell kind And warm my young affections."

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail

Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

Look for the red-and-white label



Robbins & Myers Motors Uncle Sam's Choice for These Sea-Coast Defenses

Seventy-eight 8-horsepower Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors were ordered and specially built for the United States Government to operate 12-inch disappearing guns used in various fortifications along the sea coast.

Such motors must be exceedingly rugged and staunch to withstand the terrific shock due to the discharge of the guns. Since they are exposed to all the elements of the weather, they must be rendered waterproof and non-corroding, especially so on account of the action of salt water and air. In short, they must operate perfectly under conditions far more severe than ordinary motors are ever subjected to.

That these Robbins & Myers Motors have served with unqualified satisfaction for five years at these fortifications, indicates their premier reliability for extraordinary as well as ordinary power uses.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

Helping 50,000 Power Users to Greater Efficiency

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors are made from 1-60 to 20 horsepower. Over 50,000 factories, offices, shops, stores and homes have adopted them for their cool, cleanly, efficient operation, their utter dependability, and the fact that their installation usually results in increased output at lowered cost.

Put Your Small-Power Problems Up to Us

We invite the opportunity of aiding you in your power-problems as we are now aiding thousands of others.

Branches in all the larger cities enable us to give prompt service and quick deliveries. Your request for information and advice will place you under no obligation. Write us today.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., Main Office and Factory **Springfield, Ohio**

Boston, 100 Purchase St.; Chicago, 320 Monadnock Bldg.; Cincinnati, Swift Bldg.; Cleveland, 406 Marshall Bldg.; Philadelphia, Bailey Bldg.; Rochester, 161 St. Paul St.; St. Louis, 1515 Chemical Bldg.; New York, 145 Chambers St.

Agencies in All
Principal Cities



The 78 Motors ordered by the Government ready for shipment. They were given most rigid acceptance tests before shipment.

Round the Calendar with the Dope

THE patent-medicine quack and his lies are nothing new. He has been spreading the same snares ever since human nature existed. Even the device of using the seasons to tempt you to purchase nostrums is not fresh. "Max Adeler," an almost forgotten humorist of forty years ago, tells of an advertisement he read one winter:

The excessive moisture and the extreme cold and continuous dampness of winter are peculiarly deleterious to the human system, and colds, consumption, and death are very apt to ensue unless the body be braced by some stimulating tonic such as Blank's Bitters, which give tone to the stomach, purify the blood, promote digestion, and increase the appetite. The Bitters are purely medicinal and contain no intoxicating element.

Spring came, bringing all her blessings; and he read:

The sudden changes of temperature which are characteristic of the spring, and the enervating influence of the increased heat, make the season one of peculiar danger to the human system, so that ague, fever, and diseases resulting from impurities clogging the circulation of the blood can only be avoided by giving tone to the stomach and increasing the powers of that organ by a liberal use of Blank's Bitters.

When summer came he hoped for a respite. On the contrary:

The violent heat of summer debilitates and weakens the human system so completely that, more easily than at any other time, it becomes a prey to the insidious diseases which prevail during what may fairly be called the sickly season. The sacrifice of human life during this dangerous period would be absolutely frightful had not Nature and Art offered a sure preventive in Blank's Bitters, which give tone to the stomach, etc., etc.

"Nature and Art," as sponsors for patent medicine, is good. But autumn came at last with its life-giving breezes. Now he was confronted with this wisdom:

The miasmatic vapors with which the atmosphere is filled during the fall of the year break down the human system and destroy life with a frightful celerity which is characteristic of no other season, unless the stomach is strengthened by constant use of Blank's Bitters, which are a sure preventive of disease, etc., etc.

THANKS to "Max Adeler" for his cycle of dosing! There has been no wiser or brisker comment on the way poor old Nature is made a stalking-horse for dope.

The Papered Door

(Continued from page 7)

was frail. It would be a year perhaps before she could leave the children to seek any kind of employment.

The deadly problem of the poor, intricately mixed as it is with every event of their lives, complicating birth, adding fresh trouble to death—the problem of money confronted her. Jim had been, in town parlance, "a poor provider," but at least she had managed. Now very soon she would not have that resource.

To get away from it all! She drew a long breath. From the disgrace, from the eyes of her neighbors, the gossip, the constant knowledge in every eye that met hers that her husband had intrigued with another woman and killed her. To start anew under another name and bring her children up in ignorance of the wretched past—that was one side.

BUT to earn it in this way—that was another. To sell out to the law! All her husband's weaknesses and brutalities faded from her mind. She saw him—with that pitiful memory of women which forgets all but the good in those they love—only as he had looked in the one great moment of his life an hour ago. Once again he was her hero—her lover; once again he held her in his arms. "I would like to feel that I have done one decent thing."

The battle waged back and forth. She no longer cried. There are some tragedies to which the relief of tears is denied.

Four o'clock.

She slipped the baby's head from her arm and got up. Cooper was still across the street, huddled against a house, stamping to keep warm and swinging his arms. In an hour the milk train would come in and wait on the siding for the express. That would have been Jim's chance. If he could get away, he could start all over again and make good. He had it in him. He was a big man—bigger than the people in the village had ever realized. They had never appreciated him—that was the trouble. Why

should she have a fresh start? It was Jim who needed it. She

moaned and turned her face to the pillow.

Five o'clock.

The milk train whistling for the switch. It was still very dark. She crept to the window and looked out. It was a gray dawn with snow blowing like smoke through the trees. The cold was proving too much for Cooper. He was making his way cautiously across the street through the snow toward the house. Once in the parlor again, she could get to the barn. The freight waited on the siding ten minutes sometimes, and tonight, with the snow, it might be longer.

She leaped off the bed and hurried down the staircase. Just before the front door opened to admit the detective, the kitchen door closed behind her. She was out in the storm.

She stumbled along, sometimes knee-deep, holding up her thin cotton wrapper.

THE barn door was open and she slipped in.

"Jim," she called.

"Jim!" She was standing at the foot of the loft ladder, all her heart in her voice.

"I can't do it, Jim. I can't sell you out, even for the children, Jim!"

There was no sound from above.

She climbed up, trembling. The loft was dark. She would not believe the silence, must creep around to each corner.

"I can't do it," she said over and over.

"I can't do it, Jim!" He was gone.

She felt her way down through the darkness and staggered to the door of the barn. Cooper was standing there quietly waiting for her.

From the railroad came the whistle of the express as it raced through, and the slow jangle of the milk train as the engine took up the slack.

"He's gone, Molly," said the detective. "He went out by Shultz's at a quarter to five. I guess he'll make his getaway." There was shame and something else in his eyes.

The freight had gathered way. As they listened it moved out on to the main track.



"Don't jump at me like that. I've broken one of the baby's bottles and I am just about to sweep it up."

The American Savage

(Continued from page 16)

call to butt in—but you can't make a foreigner talk sense or see reason—"

"Well?"

He blurted it out—the fatal truth.

"What do you know about this? The old lady asked me *what my intentions were*—"

I could not help it. He looked so helpless and bewildered, and the situation was so inane. When I had recovered from my mirth he was looking at me out of his blue eyes like a beaten dog.

One had to be serious. "Well—what are your intentions?"

"What are they? I ain't got any—never thought about having any. Don't think I want to tie myself up to a *foreigner*, do you? What would my poor old mother say?"

"But the girl, Connor. You must think about the girl. What do you suppose is her attitude?"

HE merely turned red, shook his head and rumbled in his throat.

"Say, honest, is the old lady stringing me? She says my attentions have been so conspicuous as to compromise her daughter—"

I thought a moment—it was hard to know where to begin.

"Their ideas are different from ours," I ventured.

"I should say they *was* different! Why, it ain't even decent, the way they look at things—why don't they wake up and learn better?"

"Perhaps they think we should learn better. See here, Connor, do you mind my asking a few questions?"

He growled out shamefacedly his willingness.

"Where did you first meet Mlle. Makaroff?"

"At a kind of tea party the old lady had—tea and wafers. Asked me to come in for the 'five o'clock,' so I went."

"You talked to Mlle. Makaroff?"

"Yes."

"Remember what you said?"

"Well—I told her she ought to come to New York and I'd give her an ice-cream soda and a box of good American candy every day of her life."

"Oh, you did!"

"Of course I did—why not? And then just to show I wasn't a four-flusher I sent up to Paris for ten pounds of American chocolates. Why, where was the harm in that?"

"Ever send her any flowers?"

"Yes. Two or three times—Roses and things. I was making enough off the old lady to afford it."

CONNOR was able to summon up a smile.

"And you took them to a ball and publicly insulted the girl's suitor?" I added mildly.

"I tell you I didn't insult him! He butted in. I invited the girl to that ball. If I took her there I had a right—"

"Certainly, Connor," I agreed in haste.

"Of course you had. Every right. But you must remember they're on their own ground here and you aren't. I am credibly informed that in many unprogressive sections of European society a mere bunch of roses is equivalent to a declaration. I am afraid Mlle. Makaroff was quite within her rights and not at all on the side of indelicacy in inquiring about your intentions."

He groaned. "Well, I'm on the level, and I don't want to treat any woman bad, even if she is only a Russian, but upon my soul I didn't mean a thing, any more than I'd have meant it at home. You know how it is with us. We ain't so afraid of a few roses or a few pounds of candy that we can't give 'em away unless we're ready to follow with a house and lot."

"Fact is," here Connor looked very sheepish, "there's a mighty fine girl back in little old New York I've done a heap of thinking about since I came over here."

"You haven't told that to Mlle. Makaroff?"

HE blushed a blush of protest and righteous indignation. "It wasn't any of her business—a man ain't going around talking of a woman he really cares anything about to a gang of foreigners. You must think I'm all right!"

I thought of the innocent face of little Mlle. Makaroff and smiled. It is a funny world. Of course Connor was right ac-

ording to his standards; it was merely a case of being right in the wrong place.

"It's mighty good of you, just the same," said Connor awkwardly. "It's none of your funeral."

THAT roused my sleeping conscience.

It suddenly seemed to me I had not been behaving very well. I was particularly ashamed of the conversation I had had the night before with Mme. Makaroff.

So I talked to Connor like a father. I pointed out to him that there was no use sacrificing himself from a mistaken sense of honor, for a convention in which he himself did not believe—I touched on the absurdity, the impossibility from a practical point of view, of any such alliance. I told Connor I thought him justified in using any means whatever for squirming out of the trap. I came out strong on what seemed to me the key to the whole situation; namely, Mme. Makaroff's fond conviction, born of her own greed and fostered by Connor's generous habits and my irresponsible patter of the night before, that Connor was a millionaire.

I told Connor what I knew of the itch of the European palm for American gold and pointed out to him, as delicately as I could, that since like most of us he was *not* a millionaire, he had probably only to make that fact perfectly clear to Mme. Makaroff to find himself released with honor from the entanglement.

NOW Connor had assured me that he wanted to get out of it. He had even hinted that his heart was otherwise engaged. I showed him a perfectly respectable method of escape, one that razed the air castle to the level of everyday life. And he didn't like it. He didn't like anything about it. He *wanted* to close his eyes and walk into the trap.

The plain truth was that having once walked in the splendor of borrowed plumes Connor could not bear to strip himself of them. He could not face the thought of having Mme. Makaroff and her set know him as neither high born nor rich. He wanted to believe himself desirable because of the charm and prowess of his native manhood; but he had not the courage to put his faith in himself to the test.

That was the way I interpreted these simple words:

"Oh, I couldn't tell her that! And it wouldn't make any difference if I *did* tell her!"

So I gave him up.

And soon it became a familiar sight to see the savage led about in golden chains. Connor, looking sheepish but far from unhappy, attended the Makaroffs on the morning promenade, at luncheon, and at tea. Whether anything like a formal betrothal had taken place, I had no means of knowing, for my new-made friend avoided me from that time on; but current gossip made him out an accepted suitor. It seemed to be one of those things that couldn't possibly happen and yet there it was happening before one's eyes.

IT was toward midnight of a chilly day in April that there came a tremendous knock on the door, and to my surprise the knock was followed by Connor.

"Come in!" I begged him, and pushed the whisky and soda in his direction.

Connor still wore his morning clothes and there was a happy light in his eyes. "Going to be married?" I asked him.

He grinned. "Nothing like that. I came to say good-by. Little Willie sails from Cherbourg the day after to-morrow. Just listen:

"I suppose you watched me playing the kind-faced old cow in the midst of that Makaroff herd—things to all appearances going as merry as a wedding bell, and the bells themselves getting ready to ring. Some of the time it looked that way to me and then again it didn't. My feelings was various and mixed. For one thing I didn't take to the little girl really as I'd ought to have."

"Then the old lady had a lot of fool ideas that made me sore. Wouldn't leave us alone, and when I came around with the ring, took it all right, but wouldn't let the little girl wear it. Then Marya herself— Well I had reason to think I wasn't used right."

"You've seen that young Scribin feller around, Lieutenant Scribin, Marya's



This Is Done 400,000 Times Per Day

Every day, on the average, 400,000 housewives serve a Van Camp dish.

Van Camp's Beans, perhaps. Or some other delicacy prepared in the kitchens which bake them.

All because our chefs produced a dish of Baked Beans which nobody ever matched. Then they applied the same skill to other things you like.

Now lovers of good things buy these delicacies 130,000,000 times a year. And to bring them to you we use more tin cans than any other concern in the world.

VAN CAMP'S PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

This Dish made these kitchens famous. The Chef who prepares it used to be a leading Parisian chef.

The Beans for this dish are picked out by analysis. The Sauce we bake with them has remarkable tang and zest.

Steam Ovens are used to bake them, and in very small parcels, so every bean comes out mealy and whole.

This Dish is supreme, and millions of people know it. No home can bake anything like it. No rival brand compares with it. Even the chefs in the finest hotels do not attempt to approach it.

Countless restaurants and lunch rooms, famed for their Baked Beans, serve nothing but Van Camp's. There are more than 500 in New York City alone.

Don't try to duplicate this Dish. It has never been done. And Van Camp's come to you with the fresh oven flavor—mellow and nut-like and zestful—at a cost of three cents per serving.

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Some Other Van Camp Delicacies

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds
Van Camp's Tomato Catsup
Van Camp's Chili Con Carne
Van Camp's Spaghetti a l'Italienne



"I'll Quit Before I Make Panic Clothes!"

When "Hard Times" had become most acute, in 1893, when Almighty Dollar was sulking in his strong box, a delegation of Stein-Bloch salesmen called upon Nathan Stein, founder and upholder of this house.

"The public cannot afford to pay the prices asked for the clothes we are turning out," they said to him. "The only way to keep this business going is to make clothes that cost less."

Nathan Stein listened patiently. When the salesmen had finished, he sprang to his feet and fairly shouted the words quoted in the heading above. The meeting stood adjourned.

Some years later, when manipulation of cotton in clothes fabrics had become a fine art, and when it was difficult to obtain absolutely all-wool cloths that could be put into popular-priced suits and overcoats, this same Nathan Stein was importuned to lower his all-wool standard in order to meet competition.

"That isn't competition," he declared. "That's plain stealing. I won't talk about it. Good day."

These two incidents show how straight the Stein-Bloch trail has been through all the years—how straight it is today—how straight it will continue to be.

And they show why it is that clothes made by this house are *character* clothes.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

New York

Boston

Chicago

This label marks the smartest
ready-to-wear clothes



cousin, the one we had the little argument with at the Yacht Club ball. He used to come around pretty regular to my poker classes, and it was through him that I first met the old princess, my mother-in-law that was but is not to be. Well, I knew all along that he was crazy about Marya; and being an excitable feller, I was kind of surprised he took it lying down. He didn't treat me cordial exactly, but he didn't give up poker either.

"One night, after a protracted session, as the bank was locking up, he looks at me kind of queer and says: 'I'd like to have a word with you, Mr. Connor,' he says.

"I told him to go ahead.

"I've been in doubt for some time," he says, very quiet, "whether to slap your face in public, or to talk to you like a friend."

"Think it over good," says I, getting ugly.

"Don't tempt me," he says, "because it would be much more sensible to talk it over calmly."

"Talk what over?" I wanted to know.

"Your engagement to my cousin," he says.

"You must be aware," he says, "that long before we had the pleasure of your acquaintance I had asked my aunt for my cousin's hand."

"Well, I didn't know that, not definitely, and I told him so.

"I had asked for my cousin's hand," he says, "but my aunt refused it, although there is nothing whatever to be said against me. My position, my prospects, and my income are not below what my cousin has a right to expect."

"Well, he told me a long story about the way the old lady had been carrying on. According to him she loses most of her income regular in gambling. This year it's been worse than ever—on account of my little poker game, maybe. Scribin claimed she'd already lost a good share of Marya's 'dot,' or whatever they call it; besides pawning some tiaras and necklaces, and so on, that came to the girl from her own mother. That was the real reason, he said, the old lady had turned him down: not that he cared, he said, whether Marya had a full-sized dot or not; but his father is one of the girl's guardians, and the old lady knew what would happen if the girl came up to the scratch shy her dot and all that jewelry, particularly if his own son was to lose by it. He says his father is an old Tartar, just like the Princess.

"Well, I looked the proposition over and it seemed to me from what I know of the parties that what he said was probably true enough. Only I couldn't see any reason why I should get out of the way just because he'd been turned down, and I told him so.

"But," says I, "if you can prove to me you're the favorite with the lady, I'll throw up the race."

"He turned red at that. He's a pretty decent chap at bottom, Scribin is.

"He says: 'That's something I'd rather not say anything about, especially to you. But so long as the life happiness of so many people is concerned I will ask you to go to Marya and put that question to her. I promise to abide by the result.'

"That was fair enough and I agreed to do it. The first chance I had—and it didn't come right away, on account of the old lady being so vigilant—I put it to Marya straight. It was in the Casino; the only way you can shake the Princess is when she's playing.

"Is it true, little girl?" I says.

"She looked me square in the eye. She's a good-plucked one, that little girl is. 'Certainly it is true,' she says. 'I love my cousin. I have always loved him. I have no wish in life but to marry him.'"

CONNOR left his narrative to muse. "Seems queer, don't it? Little feller, he is, don't come up to my shoulder, waxes his mustache and speaks soft and gentle, just like a girl. Well, they've got their own peculiar tastes, I suppose.

"Well—I saw it was time for me to make a gallery play. I told Marya that whatever might be my own regret, I was willing to stand from under and let the best man win. I said I didn't want any woman to marry me feeling she'd made a mistake.

"She smiled at me kind of queer and shook her head. 'It isn't so easy,' she says. 'You don't wish to marry me and I don't wish to marry you, but that will not satisfy my stepmother.'

"And then she told me the same story Scribin had—about the old lady gambling away her dot and hanging up the jewelry. By this time I began to take quite an interest in that story and in the young folks. Seemed as if they was in such a mess and so helpless about it.

"Just leave that to me," I says. I'll tackle your stepmother."

"Marya looked pretty scared and begged me not to do it. But naturally as I'd said I was going to, I was going to.

"So I interviewed her that same afternoon. Say, what do you think? She thought I'd got wise and was putting up a holler on my own account! So she denied the whole thing; said the dot was all right and the jewels too. Then, when I made my position clear, she turned right around and threw herself on my mercy. Said it was true. The dot was \$5,000 shy, and she'd pawned some pearls for \$5,000 more. Such a loss meant nothing to a rich man like me, she says, but if it was found out it meant ruin for her.

"Well," I says, "see here. If I get you out of the scrape, will you sign a paper agreeing to let your daughter marry Lieutenant Scribin without any further objections?"

"Of course she claimed she'd sign anything. And she would have."

"Do you mean to say, Connor," I put in, "that you were willing to pay \$10,000 to get out of marrying Mlle. Makaroff?"

"Get out of marrying her nothing," returned Connor with some heat. "I thought I explained that I wasn't paying to be let off! I was trying to make the young folks happy. I tell you I was sorry for 'em!"

IT was useless to split hairs with Connor, or to express a hope that Mme. Makaroff had seen the situation in the same light.

"Then you really paid the \$10,000?"

"Sure I did—or almost. I went with her myself to see the old pawnbroker she'd pawned the jewelry to, and it came out she'd made a little mistake in the figures."

"Surprising!"

Connor was imperturbable. "She only owed him \$4,000. I paid that and gave her a check for the other five."

"You did! You gave that old harpy a check!"

"That's what I did. Why, I could afford to. I've made twice that since I've been here; some of it out of the old lady at that."

"But you played a straight game of poker?"

"Of course I played a straight game."

"If they had done you, they wouldn't have made it up to you."

"To me? Why, of course not. That's foolish. I wouldn't have taken it."

"But don't you know, Connor," I said in a last feeble effort, "that Mme. Makaroff is congratulating herself on having 'done' you? Don't you know that because she thinks you're a clever chap, she thinks she's twice as clever at having got ahead of you? Don't you know she probably pawned the pearls all over again when your back was turned and is now gambling away your \$9,000?"

"Don't you sometimes have cynical moments when you suspect that perhaps Scribin was Mme. Makaroff's partner rather than her enemy? That perhaps she put him up to confiding in you? Else why should he have swallowed your insult at the party and said nothing till luck was against him? Don't you even sometimes wonder if innocent little Marya—"

Our princely Savage put his hand gently on my arm to stop me. On his face was a look of genuine concern. It was blank, too, as of trust and confidence withdrawn.

"Say, old man, why don't you come home, too? Your mind's getting rotten over here. There's no use explaining things to you. You just don't see them right."

He was very kind. Our last few moments were full of surface cordiality. Connor was almost boisterous. We shook hands warmly and promised to look each other up in New York. But I felt that I had disappointed him and was rejected.

THE other Americans thanked Heaven that he was gone, and said it was a shame that other nations should judge us by impossible persons we would never meet at home.



*This monogram stands
for all you can ask
in a motor car*

"Sixes" vs. "Fours"

DURING the past few weeks big newspaper space has been used for the purpose of defending the high-priced four-cylinder car. We are not surprised. Any four-cylinder car selling for more than \$1800 certainly needs defense.

Whenever a tight shoe pinches, the wearer makes a wry face. And high-priced, four-cylinder shoes are pinching a number of feet pretty hard this season.

Let us examine the real situation of "Six" vs. "Four."

Three years ago there were eleven builders of "Sixes" in the United States. Last year twenty-five companies produced "Sixes."

In 1914 thirty-seven of the forty-two leading manufacturers of motor cars build "Sixes."

Can such development be due to a fad or whim, as the builders of high-priced "Fours" say?

High-Priced Car Builders Found "Sixes" Superior

Seven years ago the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company built "Fours" only—"Fours" that were above reproach. Six years ago they added "Sixes" because the "Six" was demanded by those who wanted the utmost in a motor car. For five years the Pierce-Arrow has been building "Sixes" only. Not because the Pierce-Arrow "Four" was not good, but because the "Six" was proved better.

For years the Packard Motor Company built only "Fours." Today Packard cars are built in "Sixes" exclusively. Not because the Packard "Four" was not good; for there were no better "Fours." But because Packard engineers and Packard owners found the "Six" mechanically superior to the "Four"—and the Packard Company had the courage to build the car which was proved best.

The Peerless Company abandoned "Fours" for "Sixes" exclusively, because those who paid Peerless prices demanded the superior smoothness, flexibility and silence of the "Six."

Seven years ago the Winton Company predicted the growth and popularity of the "Six." Since 1908 Winton cars have been built in "Sixes" only, because Winton found the "Six" superior to the "Four."

There is no question now about the Winton prediction being right. Because this year practically every prominent maker, except one, selling cars above \$1250 is building "Sixes."

Public Demand Forced the Development of the "Six"

The admitted mechanical superiority of the "Six" over the "Four" and the demand for this superiority on the part of those who are willing to pay any price for the motor car luxury forced these builders of high-priced cars into the six-cylinder field.

Practically all successful builders of "Fours," such as Locomobile, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Stevens-Duryea, Winton, Peerless, Buick, Hudson, Oldsmobile, Marmon, White, Studebaker and Oakland, have been forced into the six-cylinder field.

None of these companies changed their designs or spent thousands and thousands of dollars for new machinery and to market new types of cars just to satisfy a whim.

Through sheer merit the "Six" has conquered.

Practically every well-known company this year building a car of \$1250 or over, except one, builds "Sixes."

Is it possible that all these admittedly successful companies are wrong? Isn't it logical to suppose that the majority is right?

Isn't it conclusive when practically all makers above \$1250 are devoting their brains, money and energy to "Sixes"?

Is it reasonable to suppose that the one company which dissents should be right against such overwhelming evidence?

It has been our experience that, price being equal, people want the greater smoothness, silence, flexibility, lower upkeep, and superior mechanical luxury of the "Six."

They want it now and they always will want it.

Pretty nearly all present owners of "Sixes" have at some time been owners of "Fours." Ask them which is the better car—"Six" or "Four"?

Did you ever know of a driver of a "Six" to go back to a "Four" of equal price?

Drivers of "Sixes" will tell you that there is something inherent in a "Six" that makes it better than a "Four," just as there is something inherent in a thoroughbred that makes him better than a horse of common blood.

Outside of the companies that have over-priced "Fours" to sell the little talk there is against the "Six" comes from people who never rode in a "Six." To all such we say—Ride 50 or 100 miles in any good "Six," not only the Chalmers, but any good "Six."

Until you have made such a test reserve judgment. We have no doubt of your judgment if you will only take the ride.

Don't Buy a Near "Six" When You Can Get a Real "Six"

The best known builder of high-priced "Fours" this year admits the superiority of the "Six" by using a mechanism which it is claimed will give to the "Four" some of the recognized superior qualities of the "Six."

How consistent of those with "Fours" to sell to decry "Sixes" in one breath and in the next tell you they have a device that makes a "Six" of their car—nearly!

The superiority of a "Six" over a "Four" exists in the motor—and can be obtained only through the motor. It can't be obtained through the transmission or the rear axle.

The last resort of the four-cylinder advocate is that the "Four" is more economical than the "Six."

Positively, it is not.

It costs less to own a Chalmers Master "Six" a year, or to drive it 20,000 miles, than to own a "Four" of equal size and power an equal length of time. We have had in the Chalmers factory every well-known "Four" of \$1800 or over. We have run them side by side with the Chalmers "Sixes" and here is what we have learned: Because of its steady, uninterrupted flow of power, the "Six" is easier on tires and easier on every moving part than a "Four."

The most prominent "Four" in the same price class as the Chalmers "Six" has less power and weighs more. In the Chalmers the labor of moving that weight is divided among six cylinders; in the "Four" each cylinder does more work because of the greater weight carried by four cylinders.

Don't you see that in the "Four" each cylinder must be doing more work all the time?

In other words, the four-cylinder motor is forced to work at full capacity more of the time than the "Six." It is always working harder than the "Six" and that means shorter life.

"But a 'Six' burns more gasoline," say four-cylinder builders.

Again we say, that is not true.

For any considerable distance the Chalmers Master "Six" can be run on as little gasoline as any "Four" of equal motor displacement and with equal car size. This is not merely an advertising claim. We have proved this by actual tests.

Power and Performance Considered "Six" Is More Economical Than "Four"

The fallacious statement that the "Six" burns more gasoline than a "Four" originated in the fact that in the past four-cylinder cars have been compared with six-cylinder cars of nearly twice as much power. Compared on an equal footing, as to power and car size, the economy argument is all in favor of the "Six."

While six-cylinder builders are working toward greater fuel economy all the time, builders of "Fours" are going the other way.

The Chalmers Master "Six," for instance, has only a 4-inch bore and a 5½-inch stroke. A few years ago six-cylinder cars of equal power had bores of 4¾-inches to 6 inches. In the Chalmers Master "Light Six," which sells for \$1800, the motor is even smaller—only 3½-inch bore. Yet this motor has developed 53 horsepower. All engineers admit that small bore and long stroke make for greater fuel economy. So builders of "Sixes" are at least on the right track.

Four-cylinder designers, on the other hand, are forced constantly to increase the size of their motors to get enough power adequately to handle cars of increasingly greater weight.

The high-priced "Four" grows each season to be

more extravagant in fuel, while the well-built "Six" becomes more economical.

A leading builder of high-priced "Fours" has announced through the newspapers that he "has no intention of building a 'Six.'" We believe this must be a welcome announcement to a great many intending buyers who had already finally made up their minds to buy a "Six" and had, perhaps, been wondering whether this particular manufacturer would build one.

Now they have only to pick out the best "Six." They need no longer hesitate, anticipating that this particular builder may produce a "Six." Such statements of policy do much to clarify the public understanding of the motor car situation.

Chalmers Policy Is to Build Best Cars Possible at Chalmers Prices

As in the past, the Chalmers policy shall always be to build the most efficient, most up-to-date quality cars to sell at medium prices. The design of Chalmers cars shall be changed whenever adherence to that policy shall make changes necessary.

We are proud of the changes that have been made in Chalmers cars. For all progress is change. To keep pace with the advance of science it is necessary to change. Every change we have ever made in Chalmers cars has given our customers higher value, more comfort, greater safety and more beauty.

The Chalmers Company always builds the best cars human ingenuity, painstaking workmanship and fine materials can produce to sell at Chalmers prices. It introduces new and good things as they are discovered and proved worth while.

It is in pursuance of this policy of advancement that, having proved the "Six" superior to the "Four," the production of Chalmers factory is now being concentrated on "Sixes."

We predict that within two years all cars selling above \$1500 will be "Sixes." Even those who now decry the "Six" will be building "Sixes" within two years or building a "Four" at a great reduction from their present prices.

Cars selling above \$1500 belong to the six-cylinder field as much as the cars selling below \$1000 belong to the four-cylinder field.

It is just as impossible to stop the trend toward six-cylinder cars as it would be to dam the Niagara Falls. One builder of "Fours," in the \$2000 class, claims more sales for his car than all makes of "Sixes" combined. This is positively exaggeration. There are being sold today **three** times as many "Sixes" as "Fours" at \$1500 or over. Crying against the "Six" won't stop it—it only increases the desire for an investigation and a comparison of the relative merits of "Fours" and "Sixes." That is all that we as makers of "Sixes" ask.

When You Buy a "Six" You Get the Newest Style and Best Investment

To you who are contemplating the purchase of a car this question of "Six" or "Four" is vital. We believe that only in a "Six" can you get a car which will give you the greatest satisfaction combined with safe investment. Why sink money in a car already out of style and bound to become more so each day?

When you buy a "Six" you buy on a rising market. When you buy a "Four" you buy on a declining market. Our proposition is simple. We say ride in "Fours" and ride in "Sixes."

Ask your friends who have "Sixes" if they would go back to "Fours." We are sure you will want a "Six" after making such a test. And having reached that conclusion we ask you to ride in all the different "Sixes."

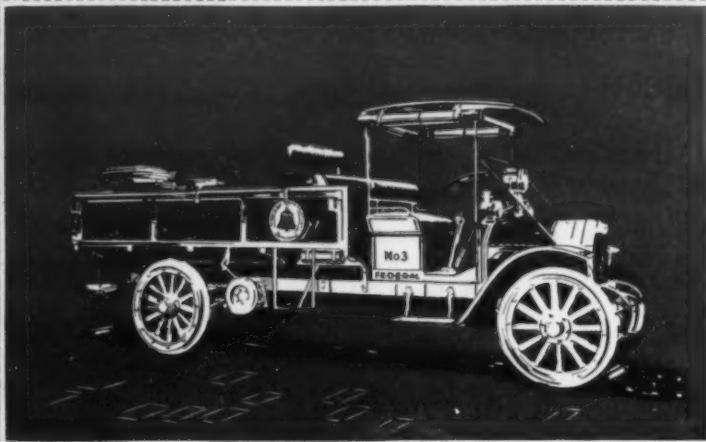
Then take the Chalmers Road Test. After this we are sure your purchase will be a Chalmers Master "Six." We invite comparison, with even the highest-priced cars.

Any Chalmers dealer will give you the Chalmers Standard Road Test. It is proof positive of every claim we make. Judged by the measure of this rigid test, we know that no car within \$500 of the Chalmers price can even approach the Master "Six" in power, quietness, absence of vibration, flexibility, comfort, beauty, convenience and luxury.

That is a sweeping claim. But it will cost you nothing to prove to yourself that we are right. Don't buy any car until you have done yourself and us the justice of investigating the Chalmers Master "Six."

Chalmers Master "Six," 2, 4, 5-passenger. . \$2175
Chalmers Master "Six," 6-passenger body. \$2275
Chalmers Master "Light Six," 5-passenger. \$1800
Chalmers Master "Light Six" Coupelet. . . \$2050

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



One of the many Federal trouble-trucks in use by the Bell Telephone System

FEDERAL

It Takes More than Money To Buy a Federal

Here are four cardinal points of the Federal selling policy, adopted as much for our own protection as for yours.

1. You cannot buy a Federal unless you can use it profitably. We will investigate your haulage problem and your present costs. The investigation must demonstrate conclusively—to your satisfaction and ours—that there is a saving in cost or a gain in efficiency, or we will not sell you a truck.
2. You cannot buy a Federal unless we are permitted, through our Traffic Department, to suggest any necessary readjustment of your routing or hauling arrangements designed to promote greater effectiveness.
3. You cannot buy a Federal unless we are prepared, through proper co-operation in your locality, to render you the most efficient service after purchase—for without such service you would be handicapped from the start.
4. You cannot buy a Federal if a larger or smaller unit would better fit your business. In that case we will frankly tell you so.

Thousands of Federal trucks have been sold on this basis; and each year sees a steady increase in our output.

We have made a special study of traffic problems in many lines of business—yours, probably, among them.

We would welcome an opportunity to investigate, without obligation on your part, whether or not you can use motor-trucks profitably.

The investigation will be thorough, fair and conclusive.

Write us to-day.

Public Utility Corporations Find Much Greater Efficiency in the Federal

A large number of Federal trucks have been installed by public service corporations as trouble and repair wagons, as well as for general uses. Most of these installations were made after a thorough investigation which demonstrated to the satisfaction of the buyer the inherent superiority of the Federal in the elements of durability and dependability.

We have some interesting facts and figures along this line.

Federal Motor Truck Company
100 Leavitt Ave. Detroit, Michigan

blue by the sky's caress, chuckling in its sleep as it drowsed gently to the sea, bearing with it gay flotillas of red and yellow leaves.

Owen looked from the lovely scene to the little face beside him. It was very rapt and quiet. The big eyes seemed searching the hills for some answer to deep, deep questions. He put out his big hand and took the small one next him, and instantly the slight fingers curled tight about his (almost as little D's had done that first day when he touched them), and his heart yearned to her, quite as a mother's to her child in grief. But neither said anything. Silent and hand in hand they went on to the stables.

PATERNOSTER was found standing calmly on the feverish member, which during the night had become as cool and firm as a well-conducted pasture should be, so they bestowed apples right and left, and passed on through the old orchard, now fallen on senility, with its quaint, gnarled trees that bore Leather Jackets and Lady Apples and Bellflowers, and under whose branches the horses were allowed to regale themselves on all the windfalls that they could manage.

"Shall we go and see them cutting maize?" asked Owen, and she said: "Yes. Let's do that. I love the smell of the cut stalks and to see them building the shocks." They stood for some time talking to the men and watching them at their work. Being in among the tall stalks was something like being in a jungle of bamboo, and the light air, stirring the leaves that were already turning brown, made a soft, incessant rustling like the sound of women passing on light feet in gowns of silk.

"I should think you might get lost in a cornfield, mightn't you?" asked Phoebe, gazing about her at the ranks of green and tawny canes growing so densely and regularly.

"You could indeed," he said, and he told her how an old slave had assured him that a cornfield was a surer hiding place than a forest.

"How good it smells!" said Phoebe. "And how fast they work! They have almost built another shock since we've been standing here. I've always loved the corn shocks in autumn. They look like little wigwags standing about over the red fields. It makes me think of the days when there were Indians here—friendly Indians, weren't they?"

"Yes—fine, friendly tribes. Do you see that old silver fir?"

HE pointed to a splendid old tree whose top had been torn away, giving it a Japanese look.

"That was where the first Owen Randolph used to sit for powwows with the chiefs—it's an old landmark. 'Logan's tree,' it's called. That's Logan's tree, isn't it, Uncle Eben?" he asked, addressing an old negro.

"Yes, suh, Marse Owen, dat's sho' Logan's tree. My gran'paw is ben tend' on yo' gran'paw whilst he wuz confabulating wid ole Logan hisse'f onder dat vey tree."

"And now," said Phoebe as if to herself, "the tree is just the same, but they are changed. They are dust now, but the tree is as green and strong as ever."

"No sad thoughts, please," said Owen, drawing her hand through his arm.

"Indeed, indeed, I wasn't sad!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I was only thinking how it all ends that way—everything—in quiet—in rest—"

"Well, do you consider that a very cheerful reflection?" he asked, smiling.

She still gazed earnestly and wistfully at the dark, tranquil tree, out of whose quiet branches a bird had just flown.

"Rest is such a beautiful thought," she said softly.

"Isn't joy as beautiful?" She gave a little start and colored slightly.

"Yes, it's all beautiful," she murmured.

THEY took a path across the fields toward the new orchard, as Owen wanted to speak to Downer. The brambles grew very thick near a bit of quagmire beyond which ran Logan's Creek, and he went ahead to hold back the long thorn-armed sprays for her.

Looking at his tall figure in the old shooting breeches and light cotton shirt that disclosed the splendid muscles with every movement, Phoebe's heart swelled with love, pride, and pain. She thought: "If he knew—if he knew—he would not trouble to hold back the briars

World's-End

(Continued from page 15)

for me." An absurd idea intruded itself as so often in our moments of keenest misery. She gave a little, involuntary, bitter laugh. It was so unlike her usual laughter that Owen turned.

"What is it?" he asked. "Can't I share the fun?"

But the look in her eyes worried him, and all at once the thought of that day when he had overtaken her on her way to Thunder Mountain gripped his heart.

"This must stop," he thought. "I can't have her suffer like this. God knows what she might do."

"Well," he said aloud, "what was your joke, dear?"

She looked half shy, half reckless.

"I was just thinking that if I were to be very wicked you wouldn't hold back the briars for me—you would 'teach' me with them as Gideon taught the men in Succoth. Don't you remember? Gideon went out and got him briars, and with them he taught the men of Succoth."

Owen laughed with her.

"I dare say all that Gideon taught them was a proper fear of Gideon. I don't believe one can teach much more than that with briars."

PHOEBE walked behind him in silence for a few moments. Then she said in her low voice: "But you think wickedness ought to be punished, don't you?"

He answered over his shoulder, without looking at her.

"There's so little wickedness—it's nearly all ignorance. In fact, it's all ignorance, in my philosophy."

The low voice came again after a moment or two.

"But you would punish bad ignorance, wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't 'punish' anything. I'd help it to see better if I could."

Silence again for a little. Then the voice grew lower than ever, almost inaudible:

"Don't you think King Arthur—in Tennyson's poem—was too good to—Guinevere? Men aren't really ever like that, are they?"

He laughed out, walking steadily on in front of her along the narrow, bramble-strewn path.

"Too good! I think he was a bally prig! The most sugary, conceited ass that ever wore a helmet!"

He heard a sharp little gasp behind him.

"I—I don't know exactly what you mean," she faltered.

Now he turned round.

"My dear girl," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Just think the thing over for yourself. Have you read the 'Idylls' lately? No? But you remember them clearly enough, I dare say. He might at least have spared her that hifalutin' interview in the convent. Think of the picture of that sanctimonious prig, standing there in full armor, while the poor woman groveled at his feet, and, holding forth about her golden hair, 'now lying in the dust,' and about how in heaven she would come to her senses and love him (why, pray?), 'not Launcelot nor another'! . . . You can't really admire that royal he-prude, Phoebe. You don't really think he was 'too good' to poor Guinevere, do you?"

PHOEBE had stood through this, her color changing from white to red, from red to white. It was so wildly, improbably strange to hear Owen thus defending the royal adulteress against her spotless husband.

"But—but," she stammered finally—"but she was wicked. Owen. She deceived him—she deceived her husband."

"Not in the vulgar, everyday sense, Phoebe. She had been married by proxy to Launcelot when she was a young, ignorant girl. Night after night during that long, false bridal journey they lay side by side with his bare sword between them. But swords can't divide hearts and thoughts."

He took a step toward her in the narrow path, and, framing her face in his hands, raised it so that he could look into her eyes. He held her to him an instant, then released her.

"You may be very sure of this," he continued, resuming his walk ahead of her: "that no matter what you had done, I shouldn't let you crawl about the floor while I preached to you from the heights of my self-righteousness."

Phoebe walked behind him dumbly, her thoughts all in a bright, confused tangle like the particolored ribbons that issue from a juggler's mouth. She was too

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bewildered to take real comfort from his words, yet there was a balm in them that soothed that steady, bitter pain in her heart. And, presently out of the bewildering, snarled brightness of these thoughts came one clear and golden—a ray of hope piercing her darkness like a magic blade. He had found excuses for Guinevere! Maybe—maybe— But no. It was impossible. He could judge Guinevere with leniency because she was so far apart from him—but for his own wife—the woman who slept on his heart—who might some day bear his son! He would not be human if he did not have for her another judgment. And then, besides, the child—the child that he thought his! The child that he thought his! No, Guinevere had not been as false as she, Phoebe, had been. She had not gone to the king soiled and stained, letting him believe her pure—letting him by marriage with her assume the fatherhood of a child not his. There it was—the unforgivable, the inexplicable—the awful falseness on which she had reared her brittle palace of joy. What had she and Joy to do with each other? She had snatched at the cloak of what she thought passing happiness, and it had come away in her selfish, feverish grasp, disclosing the stark, figure of vain Remorse barring her way.

SUDDENLY Owen sprang aside and pressed in among the twigs of a thicket near the creek, which they had now reached. She followed him to the edge of the tangle, wondering what it was that he had seen.

When he came back—from between his big fingers, carefully hollowed, there peeped the sleek, tiny head of a field sparrow—with its scared eyes so like blackberry seeds.

Owen opened his fingers slightly and showed her one little chafed claw.

"It was caught in a forked twig," he said. "If I hadn't happened to see it, it would have starved to death."

"Oh," said Phoebe, her eyes suddenly full of tears, "how kind, how kind you are to everything!"
Owen smiled at her over the bird's timid, bright-eyed head. "You talk of Guinevere's 'wickedness,'" said he. "This poor little mite was 'wicked' enough to get itself caught in a forked twig. All young things that 'go wrong,' as they say, are just birds in forked twigs." He opened his hand, lifting it toward the sky with the little fluff of feathers quivering on it. An instant's doubting pause—then, like a shot from a magic sling—away—out—up sped the tiny life.

THEY entered the orchard by the southwest gate, and walked toward the sound of hammering along aisles of trees already stripped for the market. And these young trees, so vigorous and symmetrical, on which, only here and there, hung reddish fruit too small and poor to be worth gathering, seemed very sad to Phoebe. Patient dryads they looked to her, from whom all their rosy offspring had been taken away.

"It was so gay and cheerful in here a week ago," she said, "and now the poor trees look so sad in their dark green dresses with all the apples gone."

Owen stopped and took a graceful bough in his hand. "Yes," he answered, "but think of the magic secret that each of these bare twigs knows. Thousands of blossoms hidden here—thousands more of apples— We shall be here next spring, please Providence—and you will see these sober things in bloom—each a tent worthy of Paris Banquet and her lover."

But in Phoebe's heart was the sick thought: "Can I stand it till the spring? This pain, all the time—all the time?"

"It must be wonderful," she said aloud. "I'd love to see them. But all these—" she stooped and picked up an apple from the pile of discards near which they stood—"they look so fresh and sound. It seems such a waste to leave them—"

"Look carefully," he said. "No matter how sound they seem, they have each their secret, too—a dark little secret this time."

"How?" she asked, turning the glossy, scarlet fruit in her hands and gazing at it.
"He took the apple from her and showed her a tiny, dark speck near the stem. 'It's only a speck,' he said, 'but it goes to the core. Wait—I'll show you.' He twisted the apple in two with a turn of his strong wrists. 'There! You see?'" he said.

And Phoebe saw that the one black speck ran in a little groove to the heart of the fruit.

"Just one cheeky worm," he smiled,



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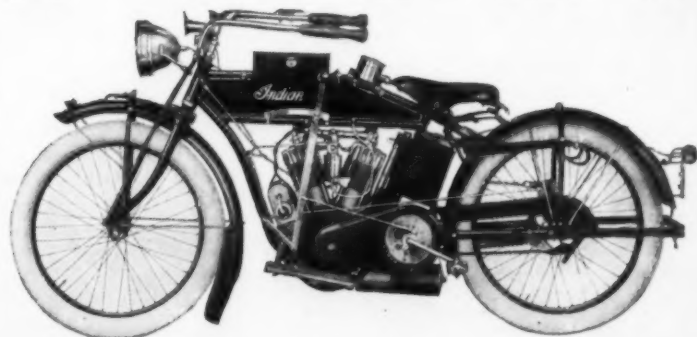
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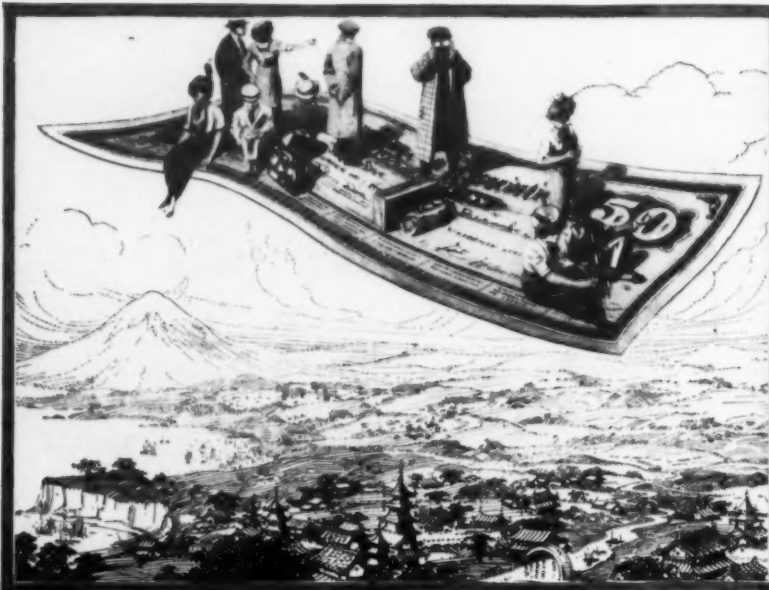
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throwing away the halves, "and the whole fruit's good for nothing but pigs or bulk." The blood rushed suddenly into her face.

"But all the rest was good!" she cried passionately; "why do you throw it in the dirt?"

SHE stood gazing at the broken fruit, now smeared with red dust, and her dark eyes had a pained, almost angry, protest in them. He knew so well what she was thinking! He raged inwardly at his cruel, momentary forgetfulness.

"Of course the rest was good," he said lightly. "It's only that for the winter market they don't keep when they're like that. Apple merchants ask far more than philosophers. They won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection."

"It seems cruel somehow—" she said, all pale and listless again. "But, of course, they're right—it went to the heart— If it had only been on the outside—"

He put his arm about her as they went on. "You mustn't talk so woefully, as if apples were human beings," he said, smiling. "Sometimes a worm at that strange thing, the human heart, only sweetens it. I can't imagine a more deadly companion than a flawless human being, dear Woebegone."

"But just faults are different from a black spot in the heart—"

"Even that apple didn't have a black spot in its heart, Phoebe. Downer and I are far too proud to allow that to happen. That worm just took his selfish fill from one tiny corner. A black spot at the heart would come from some disease of the apple itself, and we don't have that kind at World's-End."

"But you threw it in the dirt."

"I did it without thinking."

"Yes—just naturally. It was blemished—men don't like blemished things."

"Your knowledge of men is, of course, beyond question," laughed Owen.

"I know that much," she said with dreary obstinacy.

"What you might call 'blemished' women have been loved more perhaps than any others."

"How could that be?"

"Because sometimes they have the most lovable natures and the warmest hearts."

"Suppose a man found it out—afterward?" Owen gave that soft laugh again.

"From your awe-stricken tone," he said, "I suppose that you fancy him slaying her, or crying 'Avaunt, wanton!' in a terrible voice, and turning on his superior heel to leave her forever to remorse."

PHOEBE walked on blindly for another moment, clinging to his arm, through which he had drawn her hand. Then she faltered: "Well—what would he do?"

"If he were a real man," said Owen, striking with his stick at the drooping boughs, "I should think he might be so devilish sorry for her that he'd love her all the more to make up to her for all she'd suffered."

"Oh! It's turning black!" cried Phoebe, and she fell against him, grasping with her other hand.

He sat down on the warm, dry earth, and laid her with her head upon his knees. When he saw that she had recovered and was not going to faint he said:

"You know, Phoebe—Mary's been telling tales on you. It seems that you don't eat enough to maintain a mosquito. Now, while I've got you so entirely at my mercy, you've got to promise me something. Either you promise that from this time forward you'll eat properly or I phone for Charles Patton as soon as we get back to the house."

"Oh, I promise—I do promise—" she said. He pulled her up into his arms, holding her jealously.

"You little imp!" he said brokenly, "to dare go fretting over things you won't tell me of—you wicked child! Don't you know me yet?"

(To be continued next week)

A Number of Things

The Swallow Chasers

PERSONAL property taxes have been a stale joke in this country for some years now. Nevertheless, Tax Commissioners Fackler and Agnew of Cleveland, Ohio, have found some provision in the 1914 tax laws under which (according to report) they will levy on John D. Rockefeller for \$35,000,000, or \$6,000,000 more than the famous near-fine of a few years ago. Preparatory to this unique feat in the annals of the bureaucratic vaudeville which taxation often is, the commissioners have shut themselves up in their office with an adding machine, and are handicapped in their work, we are told, because the machine adds only five columns of figures. Our guess is that Messrs. Fackler and Agnew must be intentionally contributing a comic relief to our muddle of taxation, for we know that Mr. Fackler at least has an intelligent insight into the fundamental principles of this science.

Local Color

AN American who is going to England to manage a railroad says: "There are 32,000 employees of the Great Eastern Railway, and I am sure there are several competent men among that number. I shall make it my business to get personally in touch with the staff and help along those who have merit."

One seldom sees anything so ineffably and complacently British. How popular he will be over there!

It's Different in England

PROPOS of this same man's job, the accurate "Evening Post" (New York) makes some observations which go to the heart of our transportation problem:

"When the shareholders of the Great Eastern hold quarterly or annual meetings, Thornton will be called upon to answer all kinds of leading questions regarding his operating methods. And he will not have two or three high-priced lawyers at his elbow to answer for him or rule the shareholder out of order. There a chairman would not dare to order his shareholders to vote first and

discuss the matter afterward.' At the annual and quarterly meetings the shareholders are the owners, and not the servants."

How different things would have been with the New York, New Haven & Hartford if Mellen had had to stand up to this sort of treatment! Hadn't we better domesticate a few true-blue British shareholders for some of our utilities? One of the facts which are being ignored in our present discussion of the New Haven Railroad and other corporations is that an appreciable portion of the blame rests on the small shareholders who never go to the meetings.

A Pinkerton for the Sun

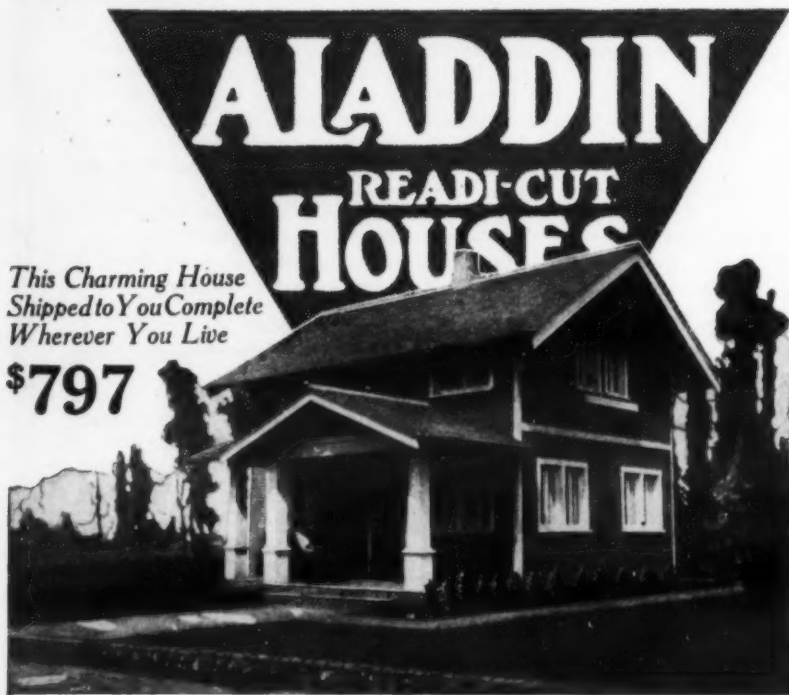
WE like these almost disembodied souls who write "defenses of monogamy." We hope they will find time to defend health, honesty, and the composition of water as now constituted. What would become of civilization and the well-filled columns of our magazines if it were not for these custodians of the innermost? It was the White Knight in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There" who had his horse wear anklets round his feet to guard against the bites of sharks. "An invention of my own," as he proudly observed.

Warnings

A FREQUENT headline in the conservative press is this: "A Warning from Mr. Taft," or "William H. Taft Warns Against Present-Day Dangers." The range of subjects runs all the way from altruism to whisky. Being somewhat in the warning business ourselves, we sympathize with this activity; and yet Mr. Taft himself is a very notable warning to those interested in forward-looking politics. His career warns us that a statesman must plan and lead and control. He must read the purposes of his generation and must not be turned from his projects by merely legal precedents or by interested pressure masking as public opinion. Mr. Taft does a service in cautioning people against various dangers. His career warns us how we must deal with them.

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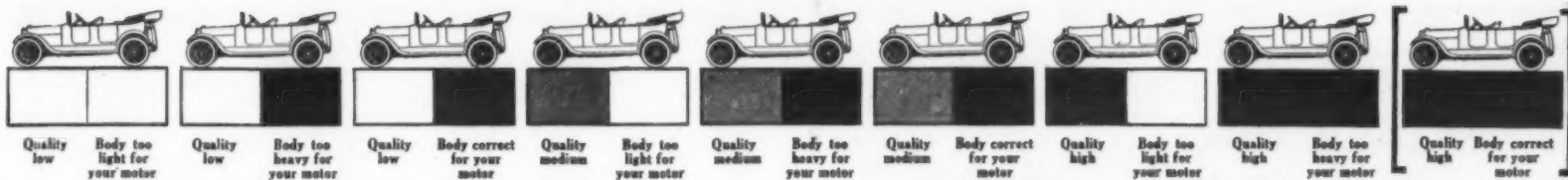
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Guarantee



Only 1 oil in 9 is correct for your car

That is conservative.

There are two vital factors in automobile motor lubrication. One is the oil's *quality*. The other is the fitness of the oil's *body* for your type of motor.

There are many variations in the *body* of oils.

Only one is correct for your motor.

There are also many variations in *quality*. But, under the heat of service in your motor, only one *quality* will show maximum lubricating efficiency.

What if your oil is below the highest *quality* or incorrect in *body*.

Loss of power or undue friction, or both, must result. Repair bills follow.

Consumption of gasoline and oil mounts up.

Two motor demands

You may "want" correct lubrication. But you will seldom get it by chance.

It is of the utmost importance that you find the oil whose *body* suits your motor and whose *quality* offers the highest protection after the oil has been distributed.

It is now generally known that oil of correct *body* for your

car can be determined only by detailed motor analysis—backed by scientific lubricating experience.

How friction hides

We are sometimes asked why incorrect lubrication does not always show up quickly in a motor.

That is an interesting question.

Some years ago motor parts were more exposed. Cars were often under-powered. Noise, overheating and loss of power gave the motorist timely warnings to investigate his lubrication.

But today most motors are amply powered and are largely closed in. Loss of power may not be noticed. Sound is deadened beneath metal jackets. Parts are frequently out of sight and hearing.

It is much like smothering an alarm-clock gong under a pillow.

The noises of friction are now partly smothered. But the *friction* still exists.

There is only one safeguard against undue friction—*correct lubrication*.

The solution

As a fundamental step in producing the oils specified in

the Chart below we analyzed the motors of every make of automobile. We found widely varying conditions.

Correct lubrication for every type of motor demanded several grades of oil.

Keeping before us the special requirements of gasoline engine lubrication, we manufactured these grades from selected crude stocks.

In our lubricating Chart we then specified the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each car. Every year by fresh analyses and demonstration, this chart is brought up to date to cover the models for that year.

This Chart, printed in *part* below, for a number of years has been a standard guide to correct lubrication. Our *complete* Chart will be mailed you on request.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car. Make sure that you secure it—buying preferably in the original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five-gallon and one-gallon cans, marked with the red Gargoyle.

Then there can be no doubt that your oil will be scientifically correct for your

car in both *body* and *quality*. You will use the "one" oil essential to the longest life of your car and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

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Rochester, U. S. A.

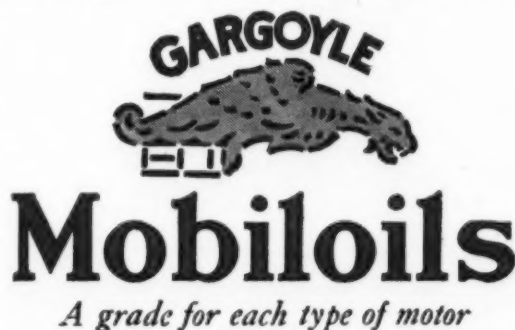
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A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

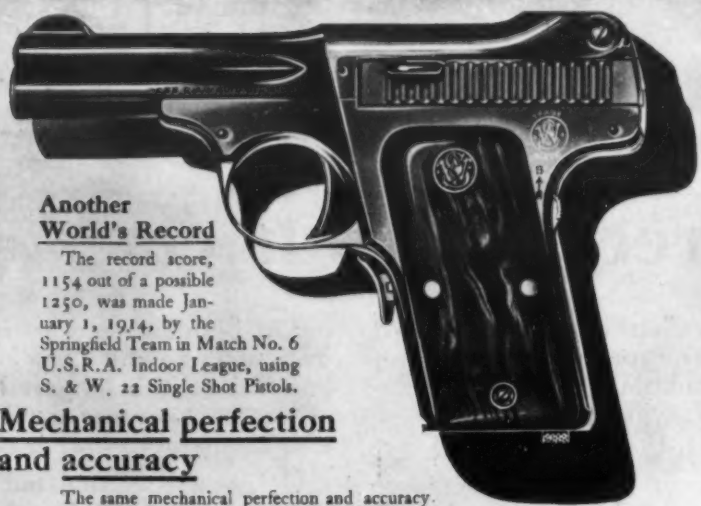
Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Alco	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Avery	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Cartercar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" Com'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Case	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Chalmers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Chase	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Cole	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Delaunay-Belleville	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
E. M. F.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Fiat	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Flanders	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Ford	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Franklin	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" Com'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
G. M. C.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Havers 6-44	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Havers 6-60	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Hupmobile "20"	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" "32"	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
I. H. C. (air)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
International (water)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Interstate	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Jeffery	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Kelly	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A



MODEL OF CARS	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
King	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Kline Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Knox	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Krit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Losier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Mack Jr.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Marion	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Marmion	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A

MODEL OF CARS	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Moline	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Moline Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Moon (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
National	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Paige Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Pathfinder	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Peerless	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" Com'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Pope Hartford	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Rambler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Regal	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
S. G. V.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Selden	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Simplex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Speedwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" Mead	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Stearns	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Stevens Duryea	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Stoddard-Dayton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
" Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Stutz	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Velie 9-45	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Velie 9-50	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Walter	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
White (Gas)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A
Winton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A



Another World's Record

The record score, 1154 out of a possible 1250, was made January 1, 1914, by the Springfield Team in Match No. 6 U.S.R.A. Indoor League, using S. & W. 22 Single Shot Pistols.

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The same mechanical perfection and accuracy that have made the Smith & Wesson Revolver the superior revolver, are embodied in the new

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Unintentional discharge is impossible

You have to think before firing. The automatic safety is operated *not* by pressure of the hand in grasping the butt—*not* by the finger that pulls the trigger—but by a double motion of the middle finger, which necessitates a definite intention to fire.

Accidental discharge is impossible

No fall or blow could operate the trigger and the automatic safety—and this must be released *before* the trigger can be pulled. And what is more, if you set the non-automatic safety (on the rear of the butt) it locks the trigger *absolutely*, regardless of the automatic safety.

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Ease of cleaning, ease of loading and the .35 caliber, which automatically protects you from cheap or unsuitable ammunition, are other exclusive features. These three, with double safety and mechanical perfection and accuracy, give the Smith & Wesson a five-fold superiority in the automatic field.

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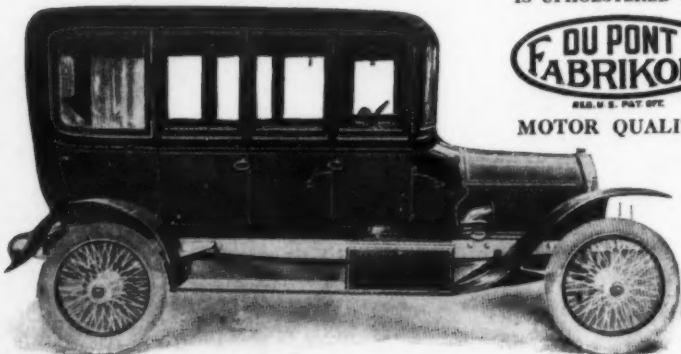
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THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.

Where Dollars Are Neighborly

(Continued from page 10)

struggling to free himself from debt and usury.

Now what is a Credit Union? In the terms of one of the many Jewish organizations it is a group of twenty or more farmers living within a short distance of each other who form an association to lend money. The assets consist of the proceeds of the sale of shares which cost \$5 each. Each member only has one vote regardless of the number of shares he owns. Thus the administration becomes purely democratic. Loans, ranging from \$1 to \$100, are made on their personal notes with one or two indorsers. Each application for a loan however must state the specific purpose for which the money is to be used. The four principal officers constitute a Credit Committee which passes on all loans, which are only made for productive purposes or urgent needs. The notes may run for six months with privilege of renewal and at the rate of 6 per cent a year. Only one member of a family or one partner, when the farm is owned by several individuals, can borrow from the union at the same time. Membership in the organization is only open to members of the local Jewish Farmers' Association in good standing. Thus one co-operative benefit leads to another. In order to encourage the Credit Unions at the start, the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society lends each one twice its initial assets and charges 2 per

The profits on loans cent interest. are divided among members in proportion to their holdings of shares. Most of the unions, however, have preferred to keep the net earnings in the treasury. It is worth adding that in thirteen months the original seventeen unions rolled up a net profit of \$1,317.93, which was at the rate of 13 1/4 per cent on the capital employed.

To-day in the eighteen places where Credit Unions are in operation (they include nearly 600 members and have loaned out \$73,000) you find the Jewish farmers economically independent. With this emancipation has come freedom from the anxieties that so often clog the progress of their Gentile neighbors. By becoming their own bankers for working capital they have developed a larger faith in themselves and thus they strengthen the stability of the whole section. In a word, these Credit Unions represent the very essence of co-operative effort.

The Example of Fairfield County

LET us now see, in the concrete terms of one community's prosperity, just what this amazing system of co-operation can achieve. Take Fairfield County, Connecticut, where one of the oldest Jewish farming settlements is located and where a pioneer Credit Union was set up. Here, within a radius of a few miles of Bridgeport are nearly fifty Jewish families.

All refugees from oppression, they have reared a commonwealth that provides sanctuary and sustenance amid the friendly hills.

The beginning of this colony was typical of many of its sisters. A sweatshop worker down on the East Side of New York, weary of the bondage of the needle, bought an abandoned farm. Then another Hebrew with health ravaged by Ghetto congestion followed suit and so on until there were a score.

Now the striking feature of this colony, as in all others, was that so long as these Jewish families remained isolated units they did not completely prosper. For one thing they were at the mercy of avaricious land agents who palmed off sterile stretches of rocky waste as "productive farms." The traditional resource of the Hebrew faded before the aggression of

the stranger whose speech and customs were foreign.

But as soon as a Farmers' Association was started the settlement got a rebirth of progress. Men who had passed each other on the highways came together in social, religious, and economic intercourse; their wives became friends; no longer could the land agent foist off a worthless and unproductive area. Why? Simply because the newcomer had colleagues of his own kind to consult and, what is more interesting, they were not willing to stand by and see him duped.

The Right Way to Buy

HERE, as elsewhere, the operation of the Central Purchasing Bureau has not only saved the Jewish farmers money but wrought a benefit for the whole community, as this illustration will show: The Fairfield farmers bought several carloads of feed at wholesale prices. They could not use all of it themselves so, upon request, they disposed of the balance to their Gentile neighbors at a slight advance on what they paid. But what happened? The Bridgeport dealers, seeing good business slip away from them, reduced their prices to meet the rates

established by the Jewish farmers. Thus the Israelite became good angel as well as good neighbor.

The work of the Credit Union at Fairfield is merely typical of what all the others are doing. With twenty-nine members who own 108 shares they have loaned nearly \$7,000 in less than three years. These loans (the average is well under \$50), tell an impressive story of uplift and advance. Each one represents an emergency met or a needed increase in productive machinery. It may have been the interest or an installment on a mortgage, a cow, horse, or silo.

The big fact is that without the ready and reasonable aid of the union hardship might have been

worked or prosperity impeded. So highly developed is the spirit of co-operation among these farmers that it is a sort of instinct among them, manifesting itself in various significant ways. Here is an example: A newcomer in the vicinity bought a farm and started a small dairy. Naturally his first act was to join the Farmers' Association and subscribe to the Credit Union. But almost before he was elected his barn burned and all the contents were destroyed. At one swoop fate had wiped out his whole source of income. He had exhausted his modest capital in buying the farm and he was destitute at the beginning of winter with a family on his hands.

As soon as his plight became known his Jewish neighbors assembled. All have telephones and are easily accessible. "What can we do to put this man on his feet?" was the question that occupied them. In less than an hour the victim of the fire had \$250 to his credit and was able to start all over again. The Credit Union loaned him the limit which was \$100, and the remainder came from the surplus of the Farmers' Association which may be employed in this way in rare emergencies.

Cooperative Milk Hauling

LAST spring another farmer was busy plowing. One night his best horse died. Unless it was replaced at once his work would stop. He already owed the Credit Union \$100 and under its laws could borrow no more. But this did not prevent him from having co-operative help. Once more the neighbors got together, raised a fund and bought him a horse, the cost of which he is paying back in small installments.

Now take another angle of this co-operative effort. Most of the Fairfield Jews



On these sacks is printed in large letters the exact proportion of plant food in the fertilizer



WHEN you have once tasted Clover Leaves you find yourself looking forward to these dainty sugar wafers rather than to the dessert, ice cream or afternoon tea which they accompany. They are but one of the irresistible

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We'd like to prove their goodness by sending you a

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COLLIER'S

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

are dairymen and they live from three to five miles from a milk station. If each man had to haul his milk every day it would cut a big hole in his time. So they agreed to syndicate the hauling. There are six farmers in every agreement and each man hauls the milk for the entire group one day in the week. This enables the rest to remain home all day and stick to their work.

Then, too, there is the religious side. The Jewish farmer is a devout man and feels the need of a regular place of worship. As a result the Fairfield colony is to build a cooperative synagogue. One farmer gave the lot and a dozen others each subscribed enough to make a worthy little edifice possible. The basement is to be used as a schoolroom for the children and a place of assembly for communal work.

Even the women have felt the inspiration of the get-together mood and formed a Ladies' Auxiliary which meets at the various houses and discusses domestic science, the care of children, and farm sanitation. When the wife of a farmer falls sick there are half a dozen women in the community ready to take up her work and care for her babies. No phase of all this cooperation has a deeper or more lasting significance than the part contributed by the women.

A Transplanted Slice of Russia

I WENT among these Jewish farmers to see just what they had done for themselves. I found a vivid slice of far-away Russia nestling in the snows of rural New England. In the living rooms of the farmhouses stood the brass samovars that had steamed in Continental ghettos; there were the tall candlesticks that gleamed on the Sabbath-evening tablecloths; on the doorposts were the sacred scrolls, universal hall-mark of the pious Jew. Here, as everywhere the world over, was the orthodox Jew maintaining the integrity of his faith supremely indifferent to environment.

As I drove along the icy road a huge white barn loomed up before me. I asked my guide who owned it.

"That's about the best in the county," he replied. "One of those Jewish farmers owns it."

I went inside and found Morris Nussbaum, who, like his Biblical ancestor Ruth, stood "amid the alien corn," only in this case the corn was being ground into fodder in a cutter operated by the most approved gas engine. The place was a revelation. On one side thirty cows chewed their cud contentedly; on the other were half a dozen horses. Both upper and lower floors groaned under the weight of almost every modern implement that added to the convenience and profit of the farmer. Even the cows were milked by machine. And in the midst of all of it was an upstanding giant of a Russian with the face of a Tolstoy, only beardless, who greeted me warmly in broken English and stopped to talk occasionally while his Yankee helper paused to breathe.

"Hard Work and Cooperation"

THE story of Nussbaum is merely the duplicate of many of his neighbors. Eleven years ago he was a prosperous lumber merchant in Minsk. When persecution got too hot for him he disbanded his household, sent his family to the country, sold his business at a sacrifice, and landed in New York with exactly \$1,600 in his pocket. He had seen something of farming in Russia, but he had no practical experience. He heard that the Jews were successfully operating dairies in Fairfield County, so he put the remnant of his small fortune into an eighty-seven acre place near Bridgeport and started life anew.

He found a battered farmhouse, a decrepit barn, a stony area that almost defied cultivation, and a few head of live stock. For months he slept on a straw pallet in the kitchen where he cooked his own meals. But he was a prodigious worker and he had a cooperative machine behind him. Before a year he was able to send for his family. I found him installed in a comfortable new house; I have already described the barn. The nucleus of a few cows has grown to a considerable herd. His place is so sanitary that he gets more for his milk than any of his neighbors. He would not sell his farm for \$14,000.

I asked him what lay behind his success. He replied with true Russian brevity:

"Hard work and cooperation."

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"WHY I AM A UNITARIAN"

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"How did cooperation help you?" I asked.

"In many ways," he replied. "First and foremost was the Credit Union. I keep no money ahead, because I put all my profits back into the farm in the shape of improvements. I have had many chances to buy good cows cheap, so when these opportunities come I simply borrow from the union and increase my equipment. I buy feed through the purchasing bureau and save \$50, for example, on a carload of alfalfa."

Mutual Helpfulness

I WENT on to the farm of Jacob Puzinsky, a refugee from Wilna. When he arrived in New York he was penniless. After working in a grocery on Ludlow Street near Hester (in the heart of the East Side) he drove a milk wagon. In eight years he saved \$3,000. With this he made the first payment on a farm about a mile from Nussbaum's. At the start he had one horse and a dozen cows. When I saw him he owned twenty-five cows and four horses and had a plant that he would not sell for \$15,000. His wife and children, rescued from the congested city, are rotund and rosy, and he is a cheerful and contented citizen.

Then there was Solomon Rose, who, like Nussbaum, fled from Minsk. Curiously enough, these two men who had known each other in the Fatherland met by accident after a long lapse on a Fairfield country road and found that they lived within five miles of each other. Rose ran a dyeing establishment in New York, but the reek and fumes were too much for his health. In Connecticut he not only found vigor but abundant prosperity.

So too with Harry Garder, who broke down under the tumult and sordidness of the grind for existence in New York and started farm life with his savings of \$800. Now his place is worth eight times that much. Unlike his associates, he has gone in for fruit raising. In the summer he keeps boarders.

None of these men, and the many others that I could cite, could have achieved success without the benefits that have come from close cooperation and the spirit of mutual helpfulness that characterizes this whole booming community. I can pay its prosperity no greater tribute than to say that within ten years this coterie of Russian refugees have built up a total investment of a quarter of a million dollars in land, live stock and general working machinery. What has happened in Fairfield County has been duplicated in Ellington, Conn., in Rensselaer, N. Y., in Colchester, Conn., in Hurleyville, N. Y., in Woodbine, N. J., in Attleboro, Mass., and in a dozen other places. Everywhere the Jewish farmer has marched ahead under the banner of cooperation.

Some Picturesque Cooperative Effort

THE Jewish farmer might well rest on the achievement that all this cooperative effort has produced, but he has gone further, as the instance of the Cooperative Fire Insurance Company of Sullivan and adjacent counties shows. Like most Hebraic progress it was bred out of some kind of discrimination.

Up in Sullivan and Ulster Counties in New York State the Jewish husbandmen had great difficulty in obtaining insurance on their properties. One reason was that ancient prejudice that the Hebrew is a "fire bug." When they did

get insurance it was at prohibitive rates, some farmers paying as much as \$4 a hundred a year. An acute situation developed.

These farmers had enjoyed the benefits of cooperative effort, so in this new emergency they got together to find a remedy.

"Why not apply the Credit Union idea to fire insurance and have our own company?" was asked.

The result was the formation of a company which solved the whole troublesome business. Like the Credit Union it represents the highest self-help. No surplus is carried and losses are paid out of assessments based on the amount of insurance carried by each member. The company charges \$2 for membership policy and survey. Insurance is written at the average rate of ten cents a hundred dollars. A farmer can get \$1,000 insurance for three years for \$5; \$2,000 for the same period for \$8 and so on.

Even a Mutual Insurance Scheme

AT the end of nine months the company had 296 risks and had written \$654,000. The fire loss during the first year was less than \$1,000. It is estimated by the officers of the company that the saving to the Jewish farmers, so far, by those directly insured in the cooperative scheme and by those who have benefited by the general reduction of rates that has followed throughout the region is not less than \$35,000. Here, as I have pointed out in other instances, a whole section has been helped by cooperation among a group.

Two more instances may serve to round out these annals of a really notable progressive advance. You have already had one example of the enterprise and resource of the Jewish farmers of Sullivan and Ulster Counties. Here is another:

Many of them keep boarders during the summer, and this means that they use up practically all the milk and butter they produce. But when the vacation season is over they must find a market for these products. Last fall when they started to ship they found the buyers arrayed against them. "If we can't get your milk and butter all through the year, we won't handle it at all," was the argument.

Once more the sons of Israel got together. It is instinct in time of trouble. The fire insurance history simply repeated itself, because a cooperative creamery was started. "We will send our butter direct to the consumer in New York," was the slogan. And it has worked out successfully.

An old mill near the railway station at Hurleyville was bought and converted into a creamery.

An agency was established in New York which receives the product fresh every day. The butter is sent out in sanitary packages bearing the device of the Federation of Jewish Farmers and the motto "From the Producer to the Consumer." Eggs also are shipped.

The Consumer Shares in Profits

THIS creamery project has a feature — the real test of cooperation — in that the consumer will share in the profits. He gets 25 per cent at the end of each year. His share is based on the amount of the product that he has bought as evidenced by the wrappers on the butter. Fifty per cent of the profits will go to the farmers and the remaining twenty-

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five to a surplus fund to meet emergencies. Inspired by the example of the up-State New York farmers, their brethren in Fairfield County, Connecticut, are planning a similar enterprise.

Final evidence of this "all for one and one for all" campaign is the Cooperative Live Stock Insurance Company organized among the Jewish farmers of Carmel, N. J. Twenty-five of them contribute \$2 each to a fund. When a member's horse or cow dies, his loss is made good. If the fund is inadequate, a small assessment is levied.

Leadership Rather Than Legislation

WHAT then is the real significance of this amazing lesson in cooperation among an alien people who, beginning life anew in a strange land, have established at the same time, a whole economic order? First and foremost it shows the efficacy of collective effort as applied to a multitude of common needs; second, it proves beyond doubt that the whole harassing problem of rural credits does not need legislation as much as it needs real leadership.

In its purely human side it means that for the tired and oppressed city worker, whether refugee or native, the journey "back to the land" is the road to cheerfulness and content. The concrete illustration revealed here indicates that in farming, as in all other activities in which he joins, the Jew is well worth watching and heeding.



"Don't give 'im all the peanuts, Eddie; you'll spoil his dinner"

COLLIER'S The National Weekly

Volume 53 Number 1—March 21, 1914

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